MAGDALENS FVNERALL TEARES.

Ieremiæ.
CAP. 6. VERSE, 26.

Luctum vnigeni fac tibi planctum Amarum.



LONDON,
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To the worſhipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, *Miſtreſſe D. A.*

YOur vertuous requeſt to whiche your deſerts gaue the force of a commandement, won me to ſatiſfie your deuotion, in penning ſome little diſcourſe of the bleſſed *Mary Magdalen*. And among other glorious examples of this Saints life, I haue made choiſe of her Funeral Teares, in which as ſhee moſte vttered the great vehemencie of her feruent loue to Chriſt, ſo hath ſhe giuen

therein largeſt ſcope to dilate vpon the ſame: a theame pleaſing I hope vnto your ſelf, and fitteſt for this time. For as paſſion, and eſpecially this of loue, is in theſe daies the chiefe commaunder of moſte mens actions, & the Idol to which both toonges and pennes doe ſacrifice their ill beſtowed labours: ſo is there nothing nowe more needefull to bee intreated, then how to direct theſe humours vnto their due courſes, and to draw this floud of affections into the right chanel. Paſſions I allow, and loues I approoue, onely I woulde wiſhe that men would alter their obiect and better their intent. For paſſions being ſequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs as the handmaides of reaſon: there can be no doubt, but that as their authour is

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good, & their end godly : ſo their vſe tempered in the meane, implieth no offence. Loue is but the infancie of true charitie, yet ſucking natures teate, and ſwathed in her bandes, which then groweth to perfection, when faith beſides naturall motiues propoſeth higher & nobler groundes of amitie. Hatred and anger are the neceſſarie officers of proweſſe & Iuſtice, courage being colde and dull, and Iuſtice in due reuenge ſlacke & careleſſe, where hate of the fault doth not make it odious, & anger ſeteth not an edge on the ſword that puniſheth or preuenteth wronges. Deſire and hope are the parents of diligence and induſtrie, the nurſes of perſeuerance and conſtancie, the ſeeds of valour and magnanimitie, the death of ſloth, and the

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breath of all vertue. Feare and diſlike are the ſcoutes of diſcretion, the herbingers of wiſedome and pollicie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing raſhneſſe with deliberation. Audacitie is the armour of ſtrength, and the guide to glorie, breaking the ice to the hardeſt exploites, and crowning valour with honourable victorie.

Sorrow is the ſiſter of mercie, and a waker of compaſſion, weeping with others teares, and grieued with their harmes. It is both the ſalue and ſmart of ſin, curing that which it chaſticeth with true remorſe, and preuenting neede of newe cure with the deteſtation of the diſeaſe. Diſpaire of ſucceſſe, is a bitte againſt euill attemptes, and the herſe of idle hopes ending endleſſe

endleſſe things in their firſt motion to begin. True ioy is the reſt & reward of vertue, ſeaſoning difficulties with delight, and giuing a preſent aſſay of future happineſſe. Finally, ther is no paſſion but hath a ſeruiceable vſe either in the purſuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefites of God and helpes of nature, ſo long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But as too much of the beſt is euill, and exceſſe in vertue vice: ſo paſſions let looſe without limmits are imperfections, nothing being good that wãteth meaſure. And as the ſea is vnfit for trafficke, not onely when the windes are too boiſtrous, but alſo when they are too ſtill, and a middle gale and motion of the waues ſerueth beſt

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the ſailers purpoſe: So neither too ſtormie nor too calme a mind giueth Vertue the freeſt courſe, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the well ordered paſſiõs are wrought to proſecute, not ſuffered to peruert anie vertuous indeuour. Such were the paſſions of this holy Saint, which were not guides to reaſon, but attendants vpon it, and commaunded by ſuch a loue as could neuer exceede, becauſe the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenes of faith, (an infirmitie then common to all Chriſtes diſciples) did ſuffer her vnderſtanding to be deceiued, yet was her will ſo ſetled in a moſt ſincere and perfect loue, that it led all her paſſions with the ſame bias, recompenſing the want of beliefe, with the

the ſtrange effectes of an excellent charitie. This loue and theſe paſſions are the ſubiect of this diſcourſe, which though it reach not to the dignitie of *Maries* deſertes, yet ſhall I thinke my indeuors wel apaide, if it may wooe ſome skilfuller pennes from vnworthy labours, either to ſupply in this matter my want of abilitie, or in other of like pietie, (whereof the ſcripture is full) to exerciſe theyr happier talents. I know that none can expreſſe a paſſion that hee feeleth not, neither doth the pen deliuer but what it coppieth out of the minde. And therefore ſith the fineſt wits are now giuen to write paſſionat diſcourſes, I would wiſh them to make choiſe of ſuch paſſions, as it neither ſhould be ſhame to vtter, nor ſinne to feele. But

whether my wiſhes in this behalf take effect or not, I reap at the leaſt this reward of my paines, that I haue ſhewed my deſire to anſwere your courteſie, and ſet foorth the due praiſes of this glorious Saint.

Your loving friend.

S. W.

To the Reader.



Anie suting their labors to the popular vaine, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuerse patheticall discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profite, as they haue done desire to please, their workes would much more haue honoured their names, and auailed the Readers. But it is a iust complaint among the better sort of persons, that the finest wittes loose themselues in the vaineſt follies, spilling much Art in some idle phansie, and leauing their woorkes as witnesses, how long they haue beene in trauaile to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to

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be lamented, that men of ſo high conceite ſhould ſo much abaſe their habilities, that when they haue racked them to the vttermoſt endeuour, all the praiſe that they reape of their imployment, conſiſteth in this, that they haue wiſely tolde a fooliſh tale, and carried a long lie verie ſmothlie to the end. Yet this inconuenience might find ſome excuſe, if the drift of their diſcourſe leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured morall truethes, and that couertly vttered to a common good, which without a maske would not finde ſo free a paſſage. But when the ſubſtance of the worke hath neither trueth nor probabilitie, nor the purport thereof tendeth to anie honeſt end, the writer is rather to bee pitied then praiſed, and his bookes fitter for the fire then for the preſſe. This common ouerſight more haue obſerued, then endeuoured to ſalue, euery one be-

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ing able to reproue, none willing to redreſſe ſuch faultes, authoriſed eſpecially by generall cuſtome. And though if neceſsitie (the lawleſſe patrone of enforced actions) had not more preuailed, then choiſe, this worke of ſo different a ſubiect from the vſuall vaine, ſhould haue beene no eye-ſore to thoſe that are better pleaſed with worſe matters. Yet ſith the copyes therof flew ſo faſt, and ſo falſe abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print: it ſeemed a leſſe euill to let it flie to common view in the natiue plume, and with the own wings, then diſguiſed in a coat of a baſtard feather, or caſt off from the fiſt of ſuch a corrector, as might happily haue periſhed the ſound, and imped in ſome ſicke and ſorie fethers of his own phanſies. It may be that curteous skill will recken this, though courſe in reſpect of others exquiſite labors, not vnfit to entertaine well tempered humour, both

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with pleasure and profite, the ground therof being in scripture, and the form of enlarging it, an imitation of the antient doctours, in the same and other points of like tenour. This commoditie at the least it will carrie with it, that the reader may learne to loue without improofe of puritie, and teache his thoughtes either to temper passion in the meane, or to giue the bridle onely where the excesse cannot be faultie. Let the worke defend it selfe, and euerie one passe his censure as he seeth cause. Many Carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fishing. But the care is alreadie taken, and patience waiteth at the table, readie to take away, when that dish is serued in, and to make roume for others to set on the desired fruit.

S. VV.

MARY MAGDALENS Funerall Teares.

EMONGEST other mournefull accidentes of the passion of Christ, that loue presenteth itself to my memorie, with whiche the blessed *Mary Magdalen* louing our Lord more then her life, followed hym in his iourney to his death, attending vppon him when his Disciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, then they to liue without him. But not finding the fauour to accompanie him in

death, and loathing after him to remaine in life, the fire of her true affection enflamed her heart, and her enflamed heart resolued into vnceſſant teares, ſo that burning and bathing betweene loue and griefe, ſhee led a life euer dying, & felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whom ſhe liued was dead, and ſhe for whom hee died enforcedly left aliue, ſhee praiſed the dead more thē the liuing, and hauing loſt that light of her life, ſhe deſired to dwell in darkeneſſe, and in the ſhadow of death, chooſing Chriſtes Tombe for her beſt home, and his corſe for her chiefe comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euangeliſt ſaith) *Stoode without at the Tombe weeping.* *Iohn* 20.

But alas howe vnfortunate is this woman, to whome neither life will affoord a deſired farewell, nor

nor death allowe any wished welcome? She hath abandoned the liuing and choſen the companie of the dead, and now it ſeemeth that euen the dead haue forſaken her, ſith the corſe ſhee ſeeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cauſe that loue induced her to ſtand, and ſorrow enforced her to weepe. Her eye was watchfull to ſeek whom her heart moſt longed to enioy, and her foote in a readineſſe to runne, if her eye ſhoulde chaunce to eſpie him. And therefore ſhe ſtandeth to be ſtil ſtirring, preſt to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whether anie hope ſhould call her. But ſhee wept becauſe ſhee had ſuch occaſion of ſtanding, and that which moued her to watche was the motiue of her teares. For as ſhee watched to finde whome ſhe had loſt, ſo ſhee

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wept for hauing loſt whome ſhee loued, her poore eies being troubled at once with two contrarie offices, both to be cleare in ſight the better to ſeeke him, and yet cloudy with teares for miſſing the ſight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the increaſe of her griefe, not the beginning but the renewing of her mone. For firſt ſhee mourned for the departing of his ſoule out of his body, and nowe ſhe lamented the taking of his body out of the graue, being puniſhed with two wreckes of her onely welfare, both full of miſerie, but the laſt without all cõfort. The firſt originall of her ſorrowe grewe becauſe ſhe could not enioy him aliue: yet this ſorrowe had ſome ſolace, for that ſhee hoped to haue inioyed him dead.

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But when ſhe conſidered that his life was alreadie loſt, and now not ſo much as his bodie could be found, ſhee was wholly daunted with diſmay, ſith this vnhappines admitted no helpe, Shee doubted leaſt the loue of her maiſter (the onely portion that her Fortune had left her) would ſoon languiſh in her cold breſt, if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his preſence to cheriſh it, nor ſo much as his dead aſhes to rake it vp. Shee had prepared her ſpices and prouided her ointmentes, to pay him the laſt Tribute of externall due- *Ioan.* 19.
ties. And though *Ioſeph* and *Nichodemus* had alreadie beſtowed a hundred poundes of Mirrhe and Aloes, which was in quantitie ſufficient, in qualitie of the beſt, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuiſe: yet ſuch was

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her loue, that ſhee woulde haue thought anie quantitie too little, except hers had beene added, the beſt in qualitie too meane except hers were with it, and no dilligẽce in applying it inough, except her ſeruice were in it. Not that ſhee was ſharp in cenſuring that which others had done, but becauſe loue made her ſo deſirous to do all her ſelfe, that though all had beene done that ſhe could deuiſe, and as well as ſhe could wiſh, yet vnleſſe ſhe were an Actor it woulde not ſuffice, ſith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore nowe meaning to embalme hys corps, as ſhee had before annointed his feete, and to preſerue the reliques of his body, as the onely remnant of all her bliſſe. And as in the ſpring of her felicity ſhe had

washed hys feete with her teares, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne soule: so nowe shee came in the depth of her miserie, to shedde them a freshe for the deathe of hys bodie. But when shee sawe the graue open, and the body taken out, the labor of embalming was pruented, but the cause of her weeping increased, and hee that was wanting to her obsequies, was not wanting to her teares, and though shee found not whom to annoint, yet found she whom to lament.

And not without cause did *Mary* complaine, finding her first anguish doubled with a second griefe, and being surcharged with two most violent sorrowes in one afflicted heart. For hauing setled her whole affection vpon Christ, and summed all her desires and

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wiſhes into the loue of his goodneſſe, as nothing could equall hys worthes : ſo was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefite for her to enioy then himſelfe, or anie greater domage poſſible then his loſſe.

The murdering in his one death, the life of all lifes, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his deceaſe not oncly diſrobed our nature of her moſt royall ornaments, but impoueriſhed the worlde of all higheſt perfections . What maruaile therefore though her vehement loue to ſo louely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now alſo depriued of his dead body, feele as bitter pangues for his loſſe, as before it taſted ioyes in his preſence, and open as large an iſſue to teares of ſorrow, as euer heretofore to tears

of

of contentment? And though teares were rather oile then water to her flame, apter to nouriſh then diminiſh her griefe: yet nowe being plunged in the depth of payn, ſhee yeelded her ſelfe captiue to al diſcõfort, carrying an ouerthrown minde in a more enfeebled bodie, and ſtill buſie in deuiſing, but euer doubtfull in defining what ſhee might beſt doe. For what coulde a ſeely woman doe but weepe, that floating in a Sea of cares, found neither eare to hear hir, nor toong to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pittie her in her deſolate caſe? True it is that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were ſpeedie in comming, and diligent in ſcarching, ſo were they as quicke to depart, and fear-

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full of farther ſeeking. And alas, what gained ſhe by their cõming, but two witneſſes of her loſſe, two diſmaiers of her hope, and two paterns of a newe deſpaire? Loue moued them to come, but theyr loue was ſoone conquered, with ſuch a feare, that it ſuffered them not to ſtay. But *Mary* hoping in diſpaire, and perſeuering in hope, ſtoode without feare, becauſe ſhee nowe thought nothing left that ought to bee feared. For ſhee had loſt her maiſter to whom ſhee was ſo entirely deuoted, that hee was the totall of her loues, the heighth of her hopes, and the vttermoſt of her fears, and therfore beſide him, ſhe could neither loue other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other loſſe. The worſt ſhee coulde feare was the death of her body, and that ſhee rather deſired

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then feared, ſith ſhee had alreadie loſt the life of her ſoule., without which anie other life woulde be a death,and with whiche any other death would haue been a delight. But now ſhee thought it better to die then to liue,becauſe ſhe might happely dying finde, whome not dying ſhee looked not to enioy,& not enioying ſhe had little will to liue.For nowe ſhee loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Chriſt, and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was only the vnwillingneſſe that his image ſhoulde die with her, whoſe likeneſſe loue had limmed in her heart,and treaſured vp in her ſweeteſt memories. And had ſhee not feared to breake the Table,and to breake open the cloſet, to which ſhee had entruſted this laſt relique of her loſt happines,the violence of grief would

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would haue melted her hart into inward bleeding teares, & blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuertheleſſe, ſhe is now in ſo imperfect a ſort aliue, that it is proued true in her, that *Loue is as ſtrong as Death*. For what coulde death haue done more in *Mary* then Loue did? Her wittes were aſtonied, and all her ſenſes ſo amaſed, that in the end finding ſhe did not know, ſeeing ſhee coulde not diſcern, hearing ſhe perceiued not, and more then al this, ſhe was not there where ſhee was, for ſhee was wholly where hir maſter was, more where ſhe loued then where ſhe liued, and leſſe in her ſelfe then in his bodie, which notwithſtanding, where it was ſhee could not imagine. For ſhee ſought, and as yet found not, and therfore ſtood at the Tombe weeping for it, being

ing now altogether giuẽ to mourning and driuen to miſerie.

But O *Mary*, by whoſe counſaile, vppon what hope, or with what heart, couldeſt thou ſtand alone, when the Diſciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou returnedſt againe at their comming, and yet nowe thou ſtaieſt when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thy owne eyes haue often ſeene, the Diſciples handes haue felt, the empty Sindon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No no, thou wouldeſt rather condemne thy owne eyes of error, and both their eies and handes of deceite, yea rather ſuſpect all teſtimonies for vntrue, then not looke whom thou haſt loſt, euen there, where by no diligẽce he could be found. Whẽ thou

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thou thinkeſt of other places, and canſt not imagine anie ſo likely as this, thou ſeekeſt again in this, and though neuer ſo often ſought, it muſt ſtill be a haunt for hope. For when thinges dearely affected are loſt, loues nature is, neuer to bee wearie of ſearching euen the ofteneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to thinke that al the ſenſes are miſtaken, then to yeelde that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that he is taken away, what ſhoulde moue thee to remaine heere where the perill is apparant, and no profite likely? Can the wit of one (and ſhe a woman) wholly poſſeſſed with paſſion, haue more light to diſcerne daunger, then two wittes of two men, and both principall fauorites of the parent of all wiſedome? Or if (notwithſtanding the daunger)

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there had beene iuſt cauſe to encounter it, were not two togither, being both to Chriſt ſworn champions, ech to other affied friends, and to all his enemies profeſſed foes, more likely to haue preuayled, thē one feminine heart, timorous by kind, and alreadie amaſed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas why doe I vrge her with reaſon, whoſe reaſon is altered into loue, and that iudgeth it folly to followe ſuche reaſon, as ſhould any way impaire her loue? Her thoughtes were arreſted by euerie thred of Chriſtes Sindon, and ſhee was captiue in ſo many priſons, as the Tombe had memorics of her loſt maiſter: Loue being her Iailor in them all, and nothing able to ranſome her, but the recouerie of her Lord. What maruaile then though the Apoſtles examples

ples drew her not away, whom ſo violent a loue enforced to remain, which preſcribing lawes both to wit and wil, is guided by no other lawe but it ſelfe? Shee coulde not thinke of any feare, nor ſtand in feare of any force. Loue armed hir againſt all hazardes, and being alreadie wounded with the greateſt griefe, ſhee had not leyſure to remember any leſſer euill. Yea ſhe had forgotten all thinges, and her ſelfe among all things, only mindfull of him, whome ſhe loued aboue all things. And yet her loue by reaſon of her loſſe, drowned both her minde and memorie ſo deepe in ſorrow, and ſo buſied her wits in the conceit of his abſence, that all remembrance of his former promiſes, was diuerted with the throng of preſent diſcomforts, and ſhe ſeemed to haue forgotten

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also him besides whom she remẽbred nothing. For doubtlesse had she remẽbred him as she should, she would not haue now thought the Tombe a fit place to seek him, neither would she mourn for him as dead, and remoued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For he had often foretold both the maner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But alas let her heauinesse excuse her, and the vnwontednesse of the myracle plead her pardon sith dread and amazement hath dulled her senses, distẽpered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other libertie but onely to weepe.

She wept therfore, being onely able to weep. And, *As she was weeping, she stouped downe and looked into* Ioan. 20.

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the Monument, and she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and an other at the feete, where the body of Iesus had beene layd. They saide vnto her, Woman why weepest thou?

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seeke but one, and thou hast found two. A dead body was thy errand, & thou hast light vppon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppresse now thy sadnesse, & refresh thy heart with this good Fortune. These angels inuite thee to a parlee, they seeme to take pitty of thy case, and it may be they haue some happy tidinges to tell thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vain, as one eyther vnseene, or vnknowne, or

at the leaſt vnregarded, ſith the partie thou ſeekeſt, neither tendereth thy teares, nor anſwereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentinges. Either hee doth not heare, or he will not helpe, he hath peraduẽture left to louethee, & is loath to yeeld thee reliefe, & therfore take ſuch comfort as thou findeſt, ſith thou art not ſo luckie, as to finde that which thou couldeſt wiſhe. Remember what they are, where they ſit, from whence they come, and to whome they ſpeake. They are angels of peace, neither ſent without cauſe, nor ſeen but of fauour. They ſit in the Tombe, to ſhew that they are no ſtrangers to thy loſſe. They come from Heauen, from whence all happy news deſcend. They ſpeake to thy ſelfe, as though they had ſome ſpeciall Embaſſage to deliuer vnto thee.

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Ask them therfore of thy maister, for they are likelieſt to return thee a deſired anſwere. Thou kneweſt him too well, to thinke that hell hath deuoured him, thou haſt long ſought, and haſt not found him in earth, and what place ſo fit for him as to be in heauen? Aske therfore of thoſe angels that came newly from thence, and it may be, their report wil highly pleaſe thee. Or if thou art reſolued to continue thy ſeeking, who can better help thee thē they that are as ſwift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne heart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy ſelfe? Take therfore thy good hap, leaſt it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels ſith thy maiſter hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas what meaneth this change, and how happeneth this ſtrange

ſtrange alteration? The time hath been that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effect, ſhorter ſeeking haue ſooner found, and leſſe paine haue procured more pitty. The time hath bin that thy annointing his feet, was accepted and praiſed, thy waſhing thé with teares highly commended, and thy wyping them with thy haire, moſt courteouſly conſtrued. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy ſweet oyles, to annoint his whole body, hauing ſhed as many tears, as would haue waſhed more then his feet, and hauing not onely thy haire but thy hart ready to ſerue him, he is not moued with all theſe dueties, ſo much as once to affoord thee his ſight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee frō thy wādring courſes, that diſpoſſeſſed thee of thy damned

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inhabitantes, and from the wildes of ſinne, recouered thee into the fold and family of his flocke? Was not thy houſe his home, his loue thy life, thy ſelfe his Diſciple? Did not he defēd thee againſt the phariſee, plead for thee againſt *Iudas*, and excuſe thee to thy ſiſter? In ſumme, was not he thy patron and protector in al thy neceſſities?

O good Ieſu what hath thus eſtranged thee from her? Thou haſt heretofore ſo pitied her tears, that ſeeing them thou couldeſt not refraine thine. In one of hir greateſt agonies for loue of hir, that ſo much loued thee, thou didſt recall hir dead brother to life, turning hir complaint into vnexpected contētment. And we know that thou doeſt not vſe to alter courſe without cauſe, nor to chaſtice without deſert. Thou art the firſt that in-

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uiteſt, and the laſt that forſakeſt, neuer leauing but firſt left, & euer offering, till thou art refuſed. How then hath ſhe forfaited thy fauor? Or with what treſpaſſe hath ſhee earned thy ill will? That ſhe neuer left to loue thee, hir heart will depoſe, hir hand will ſubſcribe, hir toonge will proteſt, hir teares will teſtifie, and hir ſeeking doth aſſure. And alas is hir perticular caſe ſo farre from all example, that thou ſhouldeſt rather alter thy nature, then ſhee better hir Fortune, and be to hir as thou art to no other? For our partes ſince thy laſt ſhew of liking towardes hir, wee haue found no other faulte in hir, but that ſhee was the earelieſt vppe to ſeeke thee, readieſt to annoynt thee, and when ſhe ſaw that thou wert remooued, ſhee foorthwith did weepe for thee, and pre-

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ſently went for help to finde thee. And whereas thoſe two that ſhee brought, being leſſe carefull of thee, then fearefull of themſelues, when they had ſeen what ſhe had ſaid, ſodainly ſhrunke away, behold ſhe ſtil ſtaieth, ſhe ſtil ſeeketh, ſhe ſtill weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this ſhe doth and to this ſhee perſwadeth, yea this ſhe neither meaneth to amēd, nor requeſteth thee to forgiue: if therefore thou reckoneſt this as puniſhable, puniſhed ſhe muſt be, ſith no excuſe hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good deſire then an euill deſert, why art thou ſo hard a Iudge to ſo ſoft a creature, requiting her loue with thy loſſe, & ſuſpending her hopes in this vnhappines? Are not thoſe

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thy wordes; *I loue those that loue me, and who watcheth earely for mee, shall finde me?* Why then doth not this woman finde thee, that was vp so early to watche for thee? Why doest thou not with like repay her, that bestoweth vpō thee hir whole loue, sith thy word is her warrant, & thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse moued with these teares that she sheddeth for the hir onely Maister, then thou wert with those that she shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her loue to thy seruaunt more please thee then her loue to thy self? Our loue to others must not be to thē but to thee in them. For he loueth thee so muche the lesse, that loueth any thing with thee, that hee loueth not for thee. If therfore she then deserued wel for louing thee in an other, she deserueth better

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now for louing thee in thy ſelfe, & if indede thou loueſt thoſe that loue thee, make thy word good to hir, that is ſo farre in loue with thee. Of thy ſelfe thou haſt ſaid, that thou art *The way, the trueth and the life.* If then thou art a way eaſie to finde and neuer erring, how doth ſhe miſſe thee? If a life giuing life & neuer ending, why is ſhe ready to die for thee? If a true promiſing trueth & neuer failing, how is ſhe bereaued of thee? For if what thy toonge did ſpeake, thy trueth will auerre, ſhee will neuer aske more to make hir moſt happy. Remember that thou ſaidſt to hir ſiſter, that *Mary had choſen the beſt part which ſhoulde not bee taken from her.* That ſhe choſe the beſt part is out of queſtion, ſith ſhee made choyſe of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that

that this part ſhall not be taken from hir, ſith thou that art this part art already take away? If ſhe could haue kept thee, ſhee woulde not haue loſt thee, and had it been in hir power, as it was in hir will, ſhe would neuer haue parted frō thee: and might ſhe now be reſtored to thy preſence, ſhe would try all Fortunes rather then forgoe thee. Sith therfore ſhe ſeeketh nothing but what ſhe chooſe, & the loſſe of hir choiſe is the only cauſe of hir comber, either vouchſafe thou to keep this beſt part that ſhe choſe in hir, or I ſee not how it can be true, that it ſhal not be taken frō hir. But thy meaning happily was, that though it be taken from hir eyes, yet it ſhould neuer be taken from hir heart, and it may be thy inward preſence ſupplyeth thine outwarde abſence: yet I can hardly

hardly think, but that if *Mary* had thee within her, ſhe could feele it, and if ſhe felt it, ſhe would neuer ſeeke thee. Thou art too hoat a fire to be in her boſome, and not to burne her, & thy light is too great, to leaue her mind in this darknes if it ſhined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a looke, and therfore ſo ſweete an obiect among ſo many eyes, and in ſo great a light, could neuer lie ſo hidde but loue would eſpie it. No no if *Mary* had thee, her innocent heart neuer taught to diſſemble, could not make cō-plaint, the outſide of a concealed comfort, neither would ſhe turne her thoughts to paſture in a dead mans Toombe, if at home ſhee might bid them to ſo heauenly a banquet. Her loue woulde not haue a thought to ſpare, nor a mi-

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nute to ſpend, in any other action then in enioying of thee, whom ſhe knew too well, to abridge the leaſt part in hir from ſo high a happineſſe. For hir thirſt of thy preſence was ſo exceeding, and the Sea of thy ioyes ſo well able to afford hir a ful draught, that though euery parcell in hir ſhould take in a whole tide of thy delights, ſhe would thinke thē too few to quiet her deſires. Yea doubtleſſe if ſhe had thee within hir, ſhe would not enuy the Fortune of the richeſt Empreſſe, yea ſhe would more reioyce to be thy Tombe in earth then a throne in heauen, and diſdaine to be a Saint if ſhe were worthie to be but thy ſhrine.

But peraduenture it is now with hir mind, as it was with the Apoſtles eyes, and as they ſeeing thee walke vpon the ſea, took thee for a Ghoſt,

Ghoſt, ſo ſhe ſeeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fanſie, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape, then with thy ſpirituall power.

But O *Mary* it ſeemeth too ſtrange that he whō thou ſeekeſt, & for whom thou weepeſt ſhould thus giue thee ouer, to theſe painfull fittes, if in thee he did not ſee a cauſe for which hee will not be ſeen of thee. Stil thy plaint & ſtint thy weeping, for I doubt there is ſome treſpaſſe in thy teares, and ſome ſin in thy ſorow. Doeſt thou not remember his words to thee & to other women, when he ſaid: *Daughters of Hieruſalem weep not vpon me, but weepe vppon your ſelues and vpon your children?* What meaneſt thou then to cōtinue this courſe? Doth he forbid thy tears, and wilt not thou forbeare them? Is it no fault

fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his wordes doe import? The fault must be mended, ere the penance be released, and therefore eyther cease to weepe or neuer hope to finde. But I know this Logick little pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbeare liuing, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt say that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet he left thee free, to weepe for thy selfe, and sith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thy self when thou weepest for him. But I answere thee again, that because he is one with thee, & thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee, thou canst not weep for thy self, but his words wil condemne thee. For if thou & he are one, for which soeuer thou weepest

peſt it is all one, and therefore ſith for him thou mayſt not weep, forbeare al weeping leaſt it ſhould offend.

Yea but (ſayſt thou) to bar me from weeping, is to abridge me of libertie, and reſtraint of libertie is a penaltie, and euery penaltie ſuppoſeth ſome offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for my ſelfe, for hee woulde neuer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to do it. The fault therefore muſt be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my ſelfe, a weeping alſo for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it, and let them that thinke it ſo, doe penance for it, for my part, ſith I haue loſt my myrth, I will make much of my ſorrow, & ſith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully ſhed them. Neither thinke I his former

former word, a warrant againſt his latter deed. And what neede had he to weep vpō the croſſe, but for our example, whiche if it were good for him to giue, it cannot be euill for me to follow? No no it is not my weeping that cauſeth my loſſe, ſith a world of eies, and a ſea of teares, could not worthely bewaile the miſſe of ſuch a maiſter.

Yet ſince, neither thy ſeeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuayleth, ſatisfie thy ſelfe with the ſight of Angels. Demand the cauſe of their comming, and the reaſon of thy Lords remoue, and ſith they firſt offer thee occaſion of parlee, be not thou too daintie of thy diſcourſe. It may be they can calme thy ſtormes, and quiet thy vnreſt, and therefore conceale not from them thy ſore, leaſt thou loſe the beneſite of their emplaiſter. But

nothing can moue *Mary* to admit comfort, or entertaine anie companie, for to one alone and for euer ſhe hath vowed her ſelfe, and except it be to him, ſhe wil neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, leaſt by ſeeking to allaie her ſmart, ſhee ſhould leſſen her loue. But drawing into her mind all penſiue conceits, ſhe muſeth and pineth in a conſuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortleſſe.

Alas ſaith ſhe, ſmall is the light that a ſtarre can yeeld when the ſunne is downe, and a ſorrie exchange to go gather crums after the loſſe of a heauenly repaſt. My eies are not vſed to ſee by the glims of a ſparke: and in ſeeking the ſunne it is either needleſſe or bootleſſe to borrow the light of a candle, ſith either it muſt bewraie

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it ſelfe with the ſelfe light, or no other light can euer diſcouer it. If they come to disburden me of my heauines, their cõming wil be burdenſom vnto me, & they will load me more while they labour my reliefe. They cannot perſwade, mee that my maiſter is not loſt, for my own eies wil diſproue them. They can leſſe tell me where hee may be found, for they woulde not be ſo ſimple, to be ſo long from him: or if they can forbeare him, ſurely they do not knowe him, whome none can trulie know & liue long without him. All their demurres would be tedious, and diſcourſes irkeſome. Impaire my loue they might, but appay it they could not to which he that firſt accepted the debt, is the onelie paiment. They either want power, will or leaue to tell mee my deſire, or at the firſt

worde they would haue done it, ſith Angels are not vſed to idle ſpeeches, and to me al talke is idle, that doth not tell me of my maiſter. They know not where he is, and therfore they are come to the place where hee laſt was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his preſence the foode of their felicitie. Whatſoeuer they coulde tell me, if they tolde me not of him, and whatſoeuer they ſhould tell me of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a waſting of time. I neither came to ſee them, nor deſire to heare them. I came not to ſee Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, and to whome I owe more then both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeale O moſt louing

louing Lord, whether my afflicted heart do not truely defray the tribute of an vndeuided loue. To thee I appeale whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee in the ſmall poſſeſſion of my poore ſelfe. And I would to God I were as priuie where thy bodie is, as thou art, who is onely Lord and owner of my ſoule.

But alas ſweet Ieſu, where thou wert thou art not, & wher thou art I know not: wretched is the caſe that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas O my onely deſire, why haſt thou left me wauering in theſe vncertainties, and in how wilde a maze wander my doubtful & perplexed thoughts? If I ſtaie here where he is not, I ſhall neuer finde him. If I would go further to ſeeke, I know not whether. To leaue the Tombe

is a death, and to ſtand helpleſſe by it an vncurable diſeaſe, ſo that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am left free to chooſe whether I will ſtaie without help, or go without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I wil end my life. And yet euē this were too happie a choiſe for ſo vnhappie a creature. If I might be chooſer of my owne death, O howe quicklie ſhould that choiſe be made, and howe willinglie would I runne to that execution? I would be nailed to the ſame croſſe, with the ſame nailes, and in the ſame place: my hart ſhould be wounded with his ſpeare, my head with his thornes, my bodie with his whips: Finallie I would taſte al his tormentes, and tread all his embrued and bloudie ſteps.

But O ambitious thoughtes, why

why gaze you vpon ſo high a felicitie? whie thinke you of ſo glorious a death, that are priuy to ſo infamous a life? death alas I deſerue, yea not one but infinit deaths. But ſo ſweet a death, ſeaſoned with ſo manie cõforts, the very inſtrumẽts wherof wer able to raiſe the deadeſt corps, & depure the moſt defiled ſoule, were too ſmall a ſcourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feel ſo many deths as I liue hours, & to paſſe as manie pangues, as I haue thoughts of my loſſe, which are as manie as there are minutes, & as violent as if they were al in euerie one. But ſith I can neither die as he died, nor liue where he lieth dead, I will liue out my liuing death by his graue, and die on my dying life by his ſweet Toombe. Better is it after loſſe of his bodie to look to his ſepulchre,

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then after losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed. No no, though I haue been robbed of the Saint, I will at the least haue care of the shrine, which though it be spoiled of the moste soueraigne hoast, yet shal it be the Altar where I will daily sacrifice my heart, and offer vp my teares.

Here will I euer leade, yea here doe I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least be buried by the Toombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleepe neere this couche of stone, which his presence hathe made the place of sweetest repose.

It may be also that this emptie *Sindon* lying heere to no vse, and this Toombe being open without any in it, may giue occasiõ to some mercifull heart, that shall first light vpon my vnburied bodie, to wrap

me

me in this ſhroud, and to interre me in this Toombe.

O too fortunate lott, for ſo vnfortunate a woman to craue: no no, I doe not craue it. For alas I dare not, yet if ſuch a ſinfull ouerſight ſhould be committed, I doe now beforehand forgiue that ſinner, and were it no more preſumption to wiſh it aliue then to ſuffer it dead, if I knewe the partie that ſhould firſt paſſe by mee, I would woe him with my teares, and hire him with my praiers, to bleſſe me with this felicitie. And though I dare not wiſh anie to do it, yet this without offence I may ſay to all, that I loue this *Syndan* aboue all clothes in the worlde, and this Toombe I eſteeme more, then anie princes monument: yea, and I think that corſe highly fauored, that ſhall ſucceed my Lord in it,

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and for my part as I mean, that the ground, where I ſtand ſhall be my death-bed, ſo am I not of *Iacobs* mind to haue my bodie buried far from the place where it dieth, but cuē in the next and readieſt graue, and that as ſoon as my breath faileth, ſith delaies are booteleſſe, where death hath won poſſeſſion.

But alas I dare not ſaie anie more, let my bodie take ſuche fortune as befalleth it: my ſoule at the leaſt ſhall dwell in this ſweet Paradiſe, and from this brittle caſe of fleſh and bloud, paſſe preſentlie into the glorious Tombe of God & man. It is nowe enwrapped in a maſſe of corruption, it ſhal thē enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now it is more by force then by choiſe, and like a repining priſoner in a loathed gaile. But there in little roume it ſhould find

perfect

perfect reſt, and in the priſon of death, the libertie of a ioifull life.

O ſweet Tombe of my ſweeteſt Lord, while I liue I will ſtaie by thee: when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee: neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne frō thee. Thou art the altar of mercie, the temple of trueth, the ſanctuarie of ſaftie, the graue of deathe, and the cradle of eternall life. O heauē of my eclipſed ſunne, receiue vnto thee this ſilly ſtar, that hath now alſo loſt al wiſhed light. O Whale that haſt ſwallowed my only *Ionas*, ſwallow alſo mee more worthie to be thy pray, ſith, I & not he, was the cauſe of this bloudy tēpeſt. O Ceſtern of my innocēt *Ioſeph*, take me into thy drie bottom, ſith I, & not he, gaue iuſt cauſe of offēce to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud haſt thou hidden the light of our way?

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waie? Vppon what ſhoare haſt thou caſt vp the preacher of all trueth? or to what *Iſmaelite* haſt thou yeelded the purueiour of our life?

Oh vnhappye mee, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament him now, that I haue loſt him? If I had watched with perſeuerance, either none woulde haue taken him, or they ſhoulde haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciſeneſſe in keeping the lawe, I haue loſt the lawmaker, and by being too ſcrupulous in obſeruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious in looſing himſelf, ſith I ſhold rather haue remained with the trueth then forſaken it, to ſolemnize the figure. The Sabboth

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could not haue bin prophaned in ſtanding by his corſe, by which the prophaneſt thinges are ſanctified, and whoſe touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanſeth the moſt defiled.

But when it was time to ſtaie, I departed: When it was too late to helpe, I returned: and nowe I repent my follie, when it cannot be amended. But let my hart diſſolue into ſighs, mine eies melt in teares, and my deſolate ſoule languiſh in diſlikes: yea let all that I am and haue, indure the deſerued puniſhment, that if hee were incenſed with my fault, he may be appeaſed with my penance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conſcience had indited her of ſo great an omiſſion, and her toong enforced

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ced the euidence with theſe bitter accuſations. Loue, that was nowe the onelie vmpier in al her cauſes, condemned her eies to a freſhe ſhowre of tears, her breſt to a new ſtorme of ſighes, and her ſoule, to bee perpetuall priſoner to reſtleſſe ſorrowes.

But O *Mary*, thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe in thy own deſires, and it wel appeareth, that exceſſe of griefe, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldeſt thou indeede haue thy wiſhes come to paſſe, and thy wordes fulfilled? Tell me then, I praie thee if thy heart were diſſolued, where wouldeſt thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldeſt thou offer him? howe wouldeſt thou loue him?

Thy eies haue loſt him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feete cannot

cannot follow him, and if he be at all in the, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldeſt thou nowe haue that diſſolued, from thence alſo to exile him? And if thy eies were melted, thy ſoule in languor, & thy ſẽſes decaied, how wouldſt thou ſee him, if hee did appeare? how ſhouldſt thou heare him, if he did ſpeak? how couldſt thou know him, though he were ther preſent?

Thou thinkeſt happilie that he loueth thee ſo well, that if thy hart were ſpent for his loue, he would either lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better then that which thy ſorrow tooke from thee. It maie be, thou imagineſt, that if thy ſoule would giue place, his ſoule wanting now a bodie, would enter into thine, with ſupplie of all thy ſenſes, and releaſe of thy ſorrowes.

O *Mary* thou didſt not marke what thy maiſter was wont to ſay, when hee told thee, that the third daie he ſhould riſe againe. For if thou hadſt heard him, or at the leaſt vnderſtood him, thou wouldeſt not thinke, but that hee now vſeth both his heart and ſoule in the life of his owne bodie. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, leaſt thy Lord be diſpleaſed, that comming from him thou wilt not entertaine them.

But *Mary* whoſe deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had ſo ſtraightly bound her thoughtes to his onely affection, that ſhee rather deſired to vnknow whome ſhee knew alreadie, then to burthen her minde with the knowledge of newe acquaintance, coulde not make her will,

long

log since possessed with the high-
est loue, stoupe to the acceptance
of meaner friendships; And for
this though she did not scornfullie
reiect, yet did shee with humilitie
refuse the angels companie, think-
ing it no discourtesie to take her
selfe from them, for to giue her
selfe more whollie to her Lord, to
whome both shee and they were
whollie deuoted, and ought most
loue and greatest dutie. Sorrow al-
so being now the onelie interpre-
ter of al that sense deliuered to hir
vnderstanding, made her conster
their demand in a more doubtfull
then true meaning.

If (*saith she*) they come to ease
my affliction, they could not be
ignorant of the cause: and if they
were not ignorãt of it, they would
neuer aske it: why then did they
say, *Woman why weepest thou?*

If their queſtion did import a prohibition, the neceſſitie of the occaſion doth countermand their counſaile, and fitter it were they ſhould weepe with me, then I in not weeping obey them.

If the Sunne were aſhamed to ſhew his brightneſſe, when the father of all lights was darkned with ſuch diſgrace: If the heauens diſcolouring their beauties, ſuted thēſelues to their makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almoſt diſſolued to ſee the author of nature ſo vnnaturally abuſed: why may not Angels, that beſt knew the indignitie of the caſe, make vp a part in this lamentable conſort: And eſpecially now, that by the loſſe of his bodie, the cauſe of weeping is increaſed, and yet the number of mourners leſſened: ſith the Apoſtles are fled, all his friends

friends afraid, and poore I left alone to ſupply the tears of all creatures?

O who will giue water to my head, and a fountaine of teares vnto my eies that I may weepe day and night, and neuer ceaſe weeping? O my onely Lord thy griefe was the greateſt that euer was in man, and my grief as great as euer happened to woman: for my loue hath carued me no ſmall portion of thine, thy loſſe hath redoubled the torment of thine owne, and all creatures ſeem to haue made ouer to mee theirs, leauing me as the vicegerent of all their ſorrow, Sorrow with mee at the leaſt thou O Tombe, and thaw into tears you hardeſt ſtones. The time is now come, that you are licenſed to crie, and bound to recõpence the ſilence of your Lords Diſciples, of whome hee himſelfe

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ſaid to the Phariſies, that if they held their peace, the verie ſtones ſhould crie for them. Now therefore ſith feare hath locked vp their lips, and ſadneſſe made thē mute, let the ſtones crie out againſt the murderers of my Lord, and bewray the robbers of his ſacred bodie.

And I feare that were it well knowen, who hath taken him awaie, there is no ſtone ſo ſtonie, but ſhould haue cauſe to lament.

It was doubtleſſe the ſpite of ſome malicious Phariſee or bloudie Scribe, that not contented with thoſe tormentes, that he ſuffered in life (of which euerie one to anie other would haue beene a tyrannicall death) hath now ſtoln awaie his dead bodie, to practiſe vpon it ſome ſauage crueltie, and to glutte their pitileſſe eies, and

brutiſh

brutiſh hearts with the vnnaturall vſage of his helpleſſe corps. O ye rockes and ſtones if euer you muſt crie out, nowe it is high time, ſith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world, is thus darkened, maſſacred, and outragiouſly miſuſed.

Doth not his toonge, whoſe trueth is infallible, and whoſe word omnipotent, commaunding both windes and ſeas, and neuer diſobeied of the moſte inſenſible creatures, promiſe to arme the worlde, and to make the whole earth to fight againſt the ſenceleſſe perſons, in defence of the iuſt? *Sap. 5.* And who more iuſt then the Lord of iuſtice? who more ſenceleſſe then his barbarous murderers, whoſe inſatiable thirſt of his innocent bloud, coulde not be ſtaunched, with their cruell butchering him at his death, vnleſſe they pro-

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ceeded farther in this helliſh impietie to his dead bodie? Why thé do not al creatures addreſſe themſelues to reuenge ſo iuſt a quarrell, vppon ſo ſenceleſſe wretches, left of all reaſon, forſaken of humanitie, and bereaued of all feeling both of God and man?

O *Mary*, why doeſt thou thus torment thy ſelfe with theſe tragicall ſurmiſes? Doeſt thou thinke that the Angels would ſit ſtill, if their maiſter were not well? Did they ſerue him after his faſting, & would they deſpiſe him after his deceaſe? Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would none defend him when he was dead? If in the garden hee might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power ſo quite dead with his bodie, that hee could not now command them? Was there

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an Angell found to helpe *Daniell* to his dinner, to saue *Toby* from the fish, yea and to defend *Balaams* poore beast from his masters rage, and is the Lord of Angels of so litle reckning, that if his body stood in neede, neuer an Angell would defend it? Thou seest two heere present to honor his Tombe, and howe much more carefull would they be to doe homage to his person? Beleeue not *Mary* that they woulde smile, if thou haddest such occasion to weepe. They would not so gloriously shine in white, if a black & mourning weed did better becom thē, or were a fitter liuery for their maister to giue, or them to weare. Yeeld not more to thy vncertain feare, & deceiued loue, thē to their assured knowlege, & neuer erring charity. Can a materiall eie see more thē a heuēly spi-

rite, or the glimmering of thy twi-light giue better aime then the beames of their eternall sunne? Would they, thinkest thou, waite vpon the winding sheet, while the corse were abused, or be heere for thy cõfort, if their Lord did neede their seruice? No no, he was neither anie theeues bootie, nor Pharisees pray, neither are the Angels so careless of him, as thy suspition presumeth. And if their presence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceite, looke vpon the clothes and they will teach thee thine error, and cleere thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe thinkest thou hane bin so religious, as to haue stoln the bodie & left the clothes? yea, would he haue bin so venturous, as to haue staied the vnshrowding of the corse, the well ordering of the sheetes, and folding

ding vppe the napkins? Thou knoweſt that myrrhe maketh linnen cleaue as faſt, as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at ſo much leiſure, as to diſſolue the mirrhe and vncloath the dead? what did the watch while the ſeales were broken, the Toombe opened, the body vnfolded, all other thinges ordered as now thou ſeeſt? And if al this cannot yet perſwade thee, beleeue at the leaſt thy own experience. When thy maiſter was ſtripped at the croſſe, thou knowſt that his onely garment being congealed to his goarie backe, came not off without many partes of his skin, and doubtleſſe would haue torne off many more, if it had bin annointed with myrrhe: Looke then into the ſheet, whether there remaine any percel of skin, or any one haire of his head: and ſith there

there is none to be found, beleue some better issue of thy maisters absence, then thy feare suggesteth. A guiltie conscience doubteth want of time, and therefore dispatcheth hastely. It is in hazard to be discouered, and therefore practiseth in darknesse and secresie. It euer worketh in extreame feare, and therefore hath no leisure to place thinges orderly. But to vnwrap so mangled a bodie, out of mirrhed clothes, without tearing of any skinne, or leauing on any mirrh, is a thing either to man impossible, or not possible to be don with such speed, without light or help, and with so good order. Assure thy selfe therfore, that if either of malice, or by fraud, the corse had bin remoued, the linnen and mirrhe should neuer haue bin left, and neither could the angels look

so

ſo chearfully, nor the clothes lie ſo orderly, but to import ſome happier accident, then thou cõceiueſt.

But to free thee more from fear, conſider thoſe words of the Aungels, *Woman why weepeſt thou?* For what do they ſignifie but as much in effect as if they had ſaid: Where angels reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman ſhould weep, and where heauenly eies are witneſſes of ioy, no mortall eie ſhoulde controll them with teſtimonies of ſorrow? With more then a manly courage thou diddeſt before thy comming, arme thy feet to run among ſwords, thy armes to remoue huge loades, thy bodie to indure all tyrants rage, and thy ſoule to be ſundred with violent tortures: and art thou nowe ſo much a *woman* that thou canſt not commaund thy eies to forbeare teares? If thou

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wert a true Disciple, so manie proofes would perswade thee, but now thy incredulous humor, maketh thee vnworthie of that stile, and we can affoord thee no better title then a *Woman*, and therefore *O Woman* and too much a *Woman*, why weepest thou?

If there were here any corse, we might thinke that sorrowe for the dead enforced thy teares, but now that thou findest it a place of the liuing, why doest thou here stand weeping for the dead?

Is our presence so discomfortable, that thou shouldest weepe to behold vs? or is it the course of thy kindnesse with teares to entertaine vs? If they be teares of loue to testifie thy good will, as thy loue is acknowledged, so let these signes be suppressed. If they be teares of anger to denounce thy displea-

sure

ſure, they ſhould not heere haue been ſhed where all anger was buried but none deſerued. If they be teares of ſorrow and duties to the dead, they are beſtowed in vaine where the dead is reuiued. If they be tears of ioy, ſtilled from the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer of theſe would ſuffice, and fitter were other tokēs to expreſſe thy contentment. And therefore *O Woman why doeſt thou weepe?* Would our eies be ſo drie, if ſuch eie-ſtreames were behouefull? Yea would not the heauens raine tears if thy ſuppoſals were truths? Did not Angels always in their viſible ſemblances, repreſent their Lords inuiſible pleaſure, ſhadowing in their ſhapes the drift of his intentions? When God was incenſed they brandiſhed ſwordes: Whē he was appeaſed, they ſheathed

thed them in ſcabbards: When he woulde defend, they reſembled ſouldiers, when he would terrifie they tooke terrible formes, and when he would comfort, they carried mirth in their eies, ſweetneſſe in their countenance, mildneſſe in their words, fauor, grace and comlineſſe in their whole preſence. Why then doeſt thou weep, ſeing vs to reioyce? Doeſt thou imagin vs to degenerate from our nature, or to forget anie dutie, whoſe ſtate is neither ſubiect to change, nor capable of the leaſt offence? Art thou more feruent in thy loue, or more priuy to the conſail of our eternal God, then we that are daily attendãts at his throne of glory? O Woman deeme not amiſſe againſt ſo apparant euidence, and at our requeſt exchange thy ſorrowe for our ioy.

But

But O glorious Angelles, why do ye moue hir to ioy, if you know why she weepeth? Alas she weepeth for the losse of him without whom all ioy is to hir but matter of new grief. While he liued, euery place where shee found him, was to hir a Paradise: euery season wherin he was enioyed, a perpetuall spring: euery exercise wherin he was serued a special felicity: the ground whereon he went seemed to yeeld hir sweeter footing: the aire wherein he breathed, became to hir spirit of life, being once sanctified in his sacred brest. In summe, hys pesence brought with it a heauen of delighies, and hys departure seemed to leaue an Eclipse in all thinges. And yet euen the places that he had once honoured with the accesse of his person, were to her so many

sweet

sweete pilgrimages, which in his absence she vsed, as chappels and altars, to offer vp her praiers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former presence. And therefore to feede hir with coniectures of his well-being, is but to strengthen her feare of his euill, and the alleadging of likelihoods, by those that know the certaintie, importeth the case to be lamentable, that they are vnwilling it shoulde be knowne. Your obscure glancing at the truth, is no sufficient acquittance of her griefe, neither can she out of these disioyned ghesses, spell the wordes that must be the conclusion of her complaint. Tell her then directly what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliuer her out of these dumpes, sith what else soeuer you say of him, doth but draw more humours to

her

hir ſore, and rather anger it, then any way aſſwage it.

Yet hearken O *Mary*, and conſider their ſpeeches. Think what anſwere thou wilt giue thē, ſith they preſſe thee with ſo ſtrong perſwaſions. But I doubt that thy wittes are ſmoothered with too thicke a miſt, to admitte theſe vnknowne beames, of their pale light. Thou art ſo wholly inherited by the blody tragedy of thy ſlaughtred Lord, and his death & dead body haue gotten ſo abſolute a conqueſt ouer all thy powers, that neither thy ſence can diſcerne, nor thy minde conceiue, anie other obiect then his murdered corſe.

Thy eies ſeeme to tell thee that euery thing inuiteth thee to weep, carrying ſuch outward ſhewe, as though all that thou ſeeſt were attyred in ſorrow to ſolemnize with

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general consent the funeral of thy maister. Thy eares perswade thee, that all soundes and voyces are tuned to mourning notes, and that the Eccho of thy own wailings, is the cry of the verie stones & trees, as though (the cause of thy teares being so vnusuall) God to the rockes and woodes, had inspired a feeling of thine and their common losse. And therefore it soundeth to thee as a strange question, to aske thee why thou weepest, sith al that thou seest and heares, seemeth to enduce thee, yea to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou seest anie thing that beareth a cullor of mirth, it is vnto thee like the rich spoils of a vanquished kingdom, in the eie of the captiue Prince, which put him in minde what he had, not what he hath, & are but vpbraidings of his losse, & whet-

whetſtones of ſharper ſorrowe. Whatſoeuer thou heareſt, that moueth delight, it repreſenteth the miſſe of thy mayſters ſpeeches, which as they wer the only harmony that thy eares affected, ſo they being now ſtopped with deathful ſilence, all other words & times of comfort are to thee but an *Iſraelits* muſicke vpon *Babilon* bancks, memories of a loſt felicitie, & proofes of a preſent vnhappineſſe. And though loue increaſed the conceit of thy loſſe which endeereth the meaneſt things, and doubleth the eſtimat of things that are pretious: yet thy faith teaching thee, the infinite dignitie of thy maiſter, & thy vnderſtanding being no dul ſcholler, to learne ſo well liked a leſſon, it fell out to be the bittereſt part of thy miſerie, that thou diddeſt ſo well knowe how infinite the

losse was that made thee misse-rable.

This is the cause that those ve-rie Angels in whome all thinges make remonstrance of triumph & solace, are vnto thee occasions of new griefe. For their gratious and louelie countenances, remember thee, that thou hast lost the beauty of the world, and the highest mark of true loues ambitiō. Their sweet lookes and amiable features tell thee, that the heauen of thy eies whiche was the reuerend Maiestie of thy maisters face, once shined with farre more pleasing graces, but is nowe disfigured with the dreadfull formes of death. In sum they were to thee, like the glister-ing sparkes of a broken Diamond, and like pictures of dead and de-caied beauties, signes, not salues of thy calamitie, memorials, not me-

dicines

dicines of thy misfortune.

Thy eies were too wel acquainted with the truth, to accept a supplie of shaddowes, and as comelinesse, comfort, and glorie were neuer in anie other so truly at home, and so perfitly in their prime, as in the person and speeches of thy Lord: so cannot thy thoughts but be like strangers in anie forraigne delights. For in them all thou seest no more, but som scattered crums, and hungrie morselles of thy late plentifull banquets, and findest a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flash of lightning, in a close and stormie night, serueth thee, but to see thy present in felicitie, and the better to knowe the horror of the insuing darknes.

Thou thinkest therefore thy selfe blameless, both in weeping for thy losse, and in refusing other

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comfort: Yet in common courteſie affoord theſe Aungels an anſwere, ſith their charitie in viſiting thee, deſerueth much more, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canſt allow them no leſſe.

Alas (ſaith ſhe) what needeth my anſwere, where the miſerie it ſelfe ſpeaketh, and the loſſe is manifeſt? My eies haue anſwered them with teares, my breſt with ſighs, and my hart with throbbes. what need I alſo puniſh my toong or wound my ſoule with a newe rehearſall of ſo doleſull a miſchance? *They haue take away*, O vnfortunate word. *They haue taken away my Lord.*

O afflicted woman, why thinkeſt thou this word ſo vnfortunate? It may be the angels haue taken him more ſolemnly to entombe him, and ſith earth hath done her laſt homage

homage, happily the Quires of heauen are also descended to defray vnto him, their funerall duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and the rest, that did acknowledge him on the crosse to be the son of God, haue bin touched with remorse, and goared with the prick of conscience, and being desirous to satisfie for their heinous offēce, haue now taken him, more honorably to interre him, and by their seruice, to his bodie sought forgiuenesse, and sued the pardon of their guiltie soules.

Peraduenture some secret Disciples, haue wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch taken hym from hence, with due honour to preserue him in some fitter place: and therefore being yet vncertaine who hathe him, there is

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no ſuch cauſe to lament, ſith the greater probabilities, march on the better ſide. Why doeſt thou call ſorrowe before it commeth, which without calling cõmeth on thee too faſt: yea why doeſt thou create ſorrow where it is not, ſith thou haſt true ſorrowes inough, though imagined ſorrowes helpe not? It is follie to ſuppoſe the worſt where the beſt may be hoped for, and euerie miſhap bringeth griefe enough with it, though we with our feares, do not go firſt to meete it. Quiet then thy ſelfe, till time trie out the truth, and it may be thy feare wil proue greater then thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is litle helped with this leſſon: for the more it loueth the more it feareth: and the more deſirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to looſe. It nei-

neither hath measure in hopes, nor mean in fears: hoping the best vppon the least surmises, and fearing the worst vppon the weakest groundes. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare withholdeth hope from the highest attemptes, nor hope can strengthen feare against the smallest suspitions: but maugre al fears, loues hopes will mount to the highest pitch, & maugre al hopes, loues feares will stoupe to the lowest downcome. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it maie be for the best, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet, sith it may also be for the worst, that will neuer content thee.

Thou thinkest hope doth inough to keepe thy heart from breaking, and feare little enough

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to force thee to no more then weping, ſith it is as likely that he hath bin taken away vpō hatred by his enimies, as vpō loue by his frends,

For hitherto (ſaieſt thou) his friends haue all failed him, and his foes preuailed againſt him, and as they that would not defend him aliue, are leſſe likely to regard him dead, ſo they that thought one life too litle to take from him, are not vnlikely after death to wreak new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whoſoeuer hath taken him, hath wronged me, in not acquainting me with it: for to take away mine, without my conſent can neither be offered without iniury, nor ſuffered without ſorrow. And as for Ieſus he was my Ieſus, my Lord, and my maiſter. He was mine becauſe he was giuen vnto me,

me, and borne for me: he was the author of my being, and ſo my father, he was the worker of my wel doing, and therefore my ſauiour, he was the price of my ranſome, and therby my redeemer: He was my Lord to commaund me, my maiſter to inſtruct me, my paſtor to feed me. He was mine becauſe his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue, he gaue me him ſelfe, ſith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it, yea it is no loue, vnleſſe it be as liberall of that it is, as of that it hath. Finallie, if the meat be mine that I eate, the life mine wherewith I liue, or he mine, all, whoſe life, labours and death were mine, then dare I boldly ſaie that Ieſus is mine, ſith on hys bodie I feede, by his loue I liue, and to my good without anie neede of hys owne,

hath

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hath he liued, laboured, and died. And therefore though his Diſciples, though the *Centurion*, yea though the angels haue takē him, they haue done me wrong, in deſeating mee of my right, ſith I neuer meane to reſigne my intereſt.

But what if he hath taken away himſelfe, wilt thou alſo laie vniuſtice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to command, not to obey, thy Lord to diſpoſe of thee, and not to be by thee diſpoſed: and therefore as it is no reaſon, that the ſeruant ſhould be maiſter of his maiſters ſecretes, ſo might he, and peraduēture ſo hath he, remoued without acquainting thee whether, reuiuing himſelfe with the ſame power, with which he raiſed thy dead brother, & fulfilling the words, that he often vttered of his reſurrection.

It

It may be thou wilt ſay, that a gift once giuen, cannot be reuoked, and therefore though it were before in his choiſe, not to giue himſelfe vnto thee, yet the deede of gift being once made, hee cannot be taken from thee, neither can the doner diſpoſe of his gift without the poſſeſſors priuitie. And ſith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou maieſt imagine it a breach of equite, and an impeachment of the right to conueie himſelfe away without thy conſent.

But to this I will aunſwere thee with thine own ground. For if he be thine by being giuē thee once, thou art his by as manie giftes, as daies, and therefore hee being abſolute owner of thee, is likewiſe full owner of whatſoeuer is thine, and conſequently becauſe hee is thine, hee is alſo his owne, and ſo nothing

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nothing liable vnto thee, for taking himselfe from thee.

Yea but he is my Lord (saiest thou) and in this respect, bound to keep me, at the least bound not to kill me: and sith killing is nothing but a seuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my soule and body, cannot possibly go from me, but hee must with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his seruant, it is against all lawes that I should be thus forsaken.

But O cruel toong, why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I feare me is so pitiful, that it might rather moue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their handes, whose vnmercifull heartes, make themselues merrie with this miserie, and build the

triumphs

triumphes of their impious victory, vpon the dolefull ruines of hys disgraced glorie? And nowe (O griefe) becauſe I know not where he is, I cãnot imagin how to help, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas *Mary* why docſt thou conſume thy ſelf with theſe cares? His father knoweth and he will help him. The Angels know and they will gard him. His owne ſoule knoweth and that will aſſiſt him. And what need then is there that thou ſeely woman ſhouldſt know it, that canſt no way profit him? But I feele in what vain thy pulſe beateth, & by thy deſire I diſcouer thy diſeaſe. Though both heauen and earth did knowe it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou alſo wert made priuie

vnto

vnto it; thy woes would bee as great, and thy tears as manie. That others see thy sunne, doth not lighten thy darkenesse, neither can others eating satisfie thy hunger. The more there be that knowe of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that among so manie thou art not thought worthie to be one. And the more there bee that may helpe him, the more it greeueth thee that thy poor help is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and though it auaile not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone, and from whomsoeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know it thou wilt, yea though it would

kill

kill thee, thou couldeſt not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is lyke drinke to the thirſtie, which if they cãnot haue, they die for drouth, & beeing long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremitie of thirſt are ſtill dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and ſprings, being neuer able to haue other thought, or to vtter other word but of drinke and moiſture: ſo louers in the vehemencie of their paſſion, can neither thinke nor ſpeak but of that they loue, & if that be once miſſing, euery part is both an eie to watche, and an eare to liſten, what hope or newes may be had of it. If it be good they die till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the verie beſt, and of the euill they fear

it to be the worſt, and yet though neuer ſo good they pine till it bee told, and be it neuer ſo euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioye, nor brooke the ſorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to kill them.

And this O *Mary* I gheſſe to be the cauſe why the Angels woulde not tell thee thy Lords eſtate. For if it had beene to thy liking, thou wouldſt haue died for ioy, if other wiſe thou wouldeſt haue ſunke downe for ſorrow. And therfore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whoſe word if it giue thee a wound, is alſo a ſalue to cure it, though neuer ſo deadlie.

But alas afflicted ſoule, whye doth it ſo deeply greeue thee, that thou knoweſt not where he is? Thou canſt not better him if he be well,

wel, thou canſt as little ſuccor him if he be ill: and ſithe thou feareſt that he is rather ill then well, why wouldeſt thou know it, ſo to ende thy hopes in miſhappe, and thy great feares in farre greater ſorrowes? Alas to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe ſtarued why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the foode of thy thoughtes, the reliefe of thy wiſhes, the onlie repaſt of all thy deſires: ſo is thy loue a continuall hunger, and his abſence vnto thee an extreame famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art ſo greedy to hear, yea to deuoure any bee it neuer ſo bitter notice of him, ſith thy hunger is moſt violent, and nothinge but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harms ſhuld worke the ſame in thy minde, that vnwholſome meate worketh in a

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ſicke ſtomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou loueſt, thy hungrie loue coulde not temper it ſelfe from it, though after with manie wringing gripes, it did a long and vnpleaſant penance.

But why doth thy ſorrow queſt ſo much vpon the place where he is? were it not inough for thee to know who had him, but that thou muſt alſo know in what place he is beſtowed? A worſe place then a graue no man will offer, and many farre better titles manie wil allow: and therefore thou maieſt boldlie thinke, that whereſoeuer he be, he is in a place fitter for him then where he was.

Thy ſiſter *Martha* cõfeſſed him to be the ſonne of God, and with hir confeſſion agreed thy beliefe. And what place more conuenient for the ſonne, then to be with his Father,

Father, the buſineſſe for which he hath bin ſo long from him, being now fully finiſhed?

If he be the Meſſias as thou didſt once beleeue, it was ſaid of him, *That he ſhuld aſcend on high and lead our captiuitie captiue*. And what is this height, but heauen, what our captiuitie but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the ſpoiles therof, he is aſcended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canſt not lift thy mind to ſo fauourable a belief, yet maieſt thou verie wel ſuppoſe that he is in Paradiſe. For if he came to repaire *Adams* ruines, and to be the common parent of our redēption, as *Adam* was of our originall infection: reaſon ſeemeth to require, that hauing indured all his life the penalty of *Adams* exile,

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he ſhould after death re-enter poſ-
ſeſſion of that inheritance which
Adam loſte : that the ſame place
that was the neaſt, where ſin was
firſte hatched, may bee nowe the
childbed of grace and mercy. And
if ſorow at the croſſe did not make
thee as deafe, as at the toombe it
maketh thee forgetfull, thou did-
deſt in confirmation hereof heare
himſelfe ſay to one of the theeues,
that the ſame day he ſhoulde bee
with him in Paradiſe. And if it be
reaſon that no ſhadowe ſhould be
more priuiledged then the bodie,
no figure in more account then
the figured truth, why ſhouldeſt
thou beleeue, that *Elias* and *Enoch*
haue been in paradiſe theſe manie
ages, and that hee whom they but
as tipes reſembled, ſhuld be exclu-
ded frō thence? He excelled them
in life, he ſurpaſſed them in myra-
cles,

cles, he was farre beyond them in dignitie: Whye then ſhoulde not his place be farre aboue, or at the leaſt equall with theirs, ſith their prerogatiues were ſo farre inferior vnto his?

And yet if the baſenes and miſery of his paſſion, haue laide him ſo lowe in thy conceit, that thou thinkeſt Paradiſe too high a place to be likelie to haue him: the very loweſt roome that any reaſon can aſſigne him, cannot bee meaner then the boſome of *Abraham*: and ſith God in his life did ſo often acknowledge him for his ſon, it ſeemeth the ſlendreſt prehemineence, that he can giue him aboue other men, that being his holy *one*, *he ſhould not in his body ſee corruption*, but be free among the dead, repoſing both in bodie & ſoule, where other ſaints are in ſoule only. Let

not therefore the place where hee is trouble thee, ſith it cannot be worſe then his graue, and infinite coniectures make probabilitie, that it cannot be better.

But ſuppoſe that hee were yet remaining in earth, and taken by others out of his Toombe, what would it auaile thee to knowe where he were? If he be with ſuch as loue & honor him, they wil be as warie to keepe him, as they are loth he ſhuld be loſt: and therfore will either often change, or neuer confeſſe the place, knowing ſecreſie to be the ſureſt locke to defend ſo great a treaſure. If thoſe haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou maieſt well iudge him paſt thy recouery, when he is once in the poſſeſſion of ſo cruell owners.

Thou wouldeſt happely make

ſale

ſale of thy liuing, and ſeek him by ranſome. But it is not likely they would ſell him to be honoured that bought him to be murdered.

If price would not ſerue, thou wouldeſt fall to praier. But howe can praier ſoften ſuch flint hearts? and if they ſcorned ſo manie tears offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreatie for his corſe.

If neither price nor praier would preuaile, thou wouldeſt attempt it by force. But alas ſilly ſouldier thy arms are to weake to manage weapons, and the iſſue of thy aſſault, would be the loſſe of thy ſelfe.

If no other waie would helpe, thou wouldeſt purloine him by ſtealth, and thinke thy ſelfe happie in contriuing ſuch a theft. O *Mary* thou art deceiued, for malice will haue manie lockes, and to ſteale him

him from a theef, that could ſteale him from the watche, requireth more cunning in the art, then thy want of practiſe can affoord thee.

Yet if theſe be the cauſes that thou enquireſt of the place, thou ſheweſt the force of thy rare affection, and deſerueſt the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feel more of their ſweetneſſe, I wil pound theſe ſpices, and dwell a while in the peruſe of thy reſolute feruour.

And firſt, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or dead corſe repay the value of thy ranſome? Becauſe he had neither bed to be borne in, nor graue to be buried in: wilt thou therefore rather be poor with him, then rich without him.

Againe, if thou hadſt to ſue to ſome cruel Scribe or Phariſee, that

is

is to a hart boyling in rãcor, with a hart burning in loue, for a thing of him aboue al thinges deteſted, of thee aboue al things deſired: as his enemy to whom thou ſueſt, & his friend for whome thou intreateſt: canſt thou think it poſſible, for this ſute to ſpeed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or ſuch a tyraunt ſtoupe to a Womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might bee recouered by violence, art thou ſo armed in complete loue, that thou thinkeſt it ſufficient harneſſe? or doth thy loue indue thee with ſuch a *Iudithes* ſpirite, or lend thee ſuche *Sampſons* lockes, that thou canſt breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue ſo ſure a ſhield, that no blowe can breake it, or ſo ſharp a dint, that no force can withſtand it? Can it thus alter

alter ſexe, change nature, and exceede all Arte:

But of al other courſes wouldſt thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy deſire? A good deede muſt be well done, and a worke of mercie without breach of iuſtice. It were a ſinne to ſteale a prophane treaſure, but to ſteale an annointed prophet can be no leſſe then a ſacriledge. And what greater ſtain to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy ſelfe, then to ſee thee his Diſciple, publikely executed for an open theft?

O *Mary* vnleſſe thy loue haue better warrant then cõmon ſence, I can hardly ſee how ſuch deſignementes can be approued.

Approued (ſaith ſhe) I would to God the execution were as eaſie as the proofe, & I ſhould not ſo long bewaile my vnfortunat loſſe.

To

To others it ſeemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it ſeemeth worſe to preferre any thing before it ſelfe. Cloath him with plates of ſiluer, that ſhiuereth for colde, or fill his purſe with treaſure, that pineth for hunger, and ſee whether the plates wil warme him, or the treaſure feede him. No no, hee will giue all hys plates for a wollen garment, and al his money for a meales meat. Euery ſupply fitteth not with euerie need, and the loue of ſo ſweete a Lord hath no correſpondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empreſſe of the world. With him I were rich, though I had nothing elſe. They that haue moſte are accounted richeſt, and they thought to haue moſt, that haue all they deſire: and therfore as in him alone is the vttermoſt

termoſt of my deſires, ſo he alone is the ſumme of al my ſubſtance. It were too happie an exchange, to haue God for goods, and too rich a pouertie, to enioy the only treaſure of the world. If I were ſo fortunate a begger, I would diſdaine *Solomons* wealth, and my loue being ſo highly enriched, my life ſhould neuer complain of want.

And if all I am worth woulde not reache to his raunſome, what ſhuld hinder me to ſeek him by intreaty? Though I wer to ſue to the greateſt tyrant, yet the equitie of my ſute is more then halfe a grant. If many drops ſoften the hardeſt ſtones, why ſhuld not many tears ſupple the moſt ſtonie harts? what anger ſo fierie that may not bee quenched with eie-water, ſith a weeping ſuppliant, rebateth the edge of more then a Lions fury?

My

My ſute it ſelfe would ſue for me, and ſo doleful a corſe would quicken pitie in the moſte iron hearts. But ſuppoſe that by touching a ranckled ſore, my touche ſhoulde anger it, & my petition at the firſt incēſe him that heard it: he would percaſe reuile me in wordes, and then his owne iniurie woulde recoyle with remorſe, and be vnto me a patron to proceede in my requeſt. And if he ſhould accompanie his words with blows, and his blowes with woundes, it may bee my ſtripes would ſmart in his guiltie mind, and his conſcience bleed in my bleeding woundes, and my innocent bloud ſo entender hys adamant heart, that his owne inward feelinges woulde plead my cauſe, and peraduenture obtaine my ſute.

But if through extremitie of ſpight,

ſpight, hee ſhould happen to kill mee, his offence might eaſily redoũd to my felicity. For he would be as careful to hide whom he had vniuſtly murdered, as him whom he had felloniouſly ſtolne, and ſo it is like, that hee woulde hide me in the ſame place where hee had laid my Lord, and as hee hated vs both for one cauſe, him for challenging, and me for acknowledgeing that hee was the Meſſias: ſo woulde hee vſe vs both after one maner. And thus what cõfort my body wanted, my ſoule ſhuld enioy, in ſeeing a part of my ſelf partner of my Maiſters miſerie: with whom to be miſerable, I reckon a higher fortune, then without him to be moſt happie.

And if no other meane would ſerue to recouer him but force: I ſee no reaſon why it might not verie

verie well become me: None will barme fro defeding my life, which the least worme in the right of nature hath leaue to preserue. And sith he is to me so deare a life that without him, all life is death, nature authoriseth my feeble forces to imploy their vttermost in so necessarie an attempt. Necessitie addeth abilitie, and loue doubleth necessitie, and it often happeneth that nature armed with loue, and prested with neede, exceedeth it selfe in might and surmounteth all hope in successe. And as the equitie of the cause doth breath courage into the defendors, making the the more willing to fight, and the lesse vnwilling to die: so guilty consciences are euer timorous, still starting with sodain frights, and afraid of their own suspitions, ready to yeeld before the assault, vppon

diſtruſt of their cauſe, and diſpaire of their defence. Sith therefore to reſcue an innocent, to recouer a right, and to redreſſe ſo deepe a wrong, is ſo iuſt a quarrell: nature will enhable me, loue encourage me, grace confirme me, and the iudge of all iuſtice fight in my behalfe.

And if it ſeeme vnfitting to my ſexe in talke, much more in practiſe to deale with martiall affaires: yet when ſuch a cauſe happeneth, as neuer had pattern, ſuch effects muſt follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer ſuche a bodie ſtolne but now, neuer ſuch a ſtealth vnreuenged but this. Sith therefore the Angelles neglect it, and men forget it, O *Iudith* lend me thy proweſſe for I am bound to regard it.

But

But ſuppoſe that my force were vnable to winne him by an open enterpriſe, what ſcruple ſhoulde keepe me from ſeeking him by ſecret meanes? yea and by plaine ſtealth, it will be thought a ſinne, and condéned for a theft. O ſweet ſinne why was not I the firſt that did commit thee? Why did I ſuffer anie other ſinner to preuent me? For ſtealing frō God his honor I was called a ſinner, and vnder that title was ſpred my infamy. But for ſtealing God from a falſe owner, I was not worthie to be called a ſinner, becauſe it had bin too high a glorie. If this be ſo great a ſinne, and ſo heinous a theft, let others make choiſe of what titles they will: but for my part, I would refuſe to be an angel, I would not wiſhe to be a Saint, I would neuer be eſteemed eyther

iuſt or true, and I ſhoulde be beſt contented if I might both liue and die ſuch a ſinner, and be condemned for ſuch a theft. When I heard my Lord make ſo comfortable a promiſe to the theef vpō the cros, that hee ſhoulde that day be with him in Paradiſe, I had halfe an enuie at that theeues good Fortune, and wiſhed my ſelfe in the theefes place, ſo I might haue enioyed the fruit of his promiſe. But if I could be ſo happie a theefe, as to commit this theft, if that wiſh had taken effect, I would now vnwiſh it again, and ſcorne to be anie other theefe then my ſelf, ſith my bootie could make me happier, then any other theefes felicity. And what though my fellonie ſhould bee called in queſtion, in what reſpect ſhould I need to feare? They woulde ſaie that I loued him too well. But that

were ſoone diſproued, ſith where the worthineſſe is infinite, no loue can be inough. They woulde obiect that I ſtole anothers goods: & as for that manie ſure titles of my intereſt woulde auerre him to bee mine, and his dead corſe woulde rather ſpeake then witneſſes ſhuld faile to depoſe ſo certain a trueth. And if I had not a ſpecial right vnto him, what ſhould moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were ſo happie a fellon, I ſhould feare no temporall arraignment. I ſhould rather feare that the angels would cite me to my anſwere, for preuenting them in the theft, ſith not the higheſt Seraphin in heauen, but would deeme it a higher ſtile, then his own, to be the theefe that had committed ſo glorious a robberie.

But alas thus ſtand I deuiſing

what I would doe, if I knewe anie thing of him, & in the mean time I neither know who hath him, nor where they haue beſtowed him, and ſtil I am forced to dwel in this anſwere, that *They haue taken away my Lord, and I knowe not where they haue put him.*

While *Mary* thus loſt hir ſelf in a Laberinth of doubts, watering hir words with teares, and warming them with ſighes, ſeeing the Angels with a kinde of reuerence riſe, as though they had done honour to one behinde her: *She turned backe, and ſhee ſawe Ieſus ſtanding, but that it was Ieſus ſhe knew not.*

O *Mary* is it poſſible that thou haſt forgotten Ieſus? faith hath written him in thy vnderſtanding, loue in thy wil, both feare & hope in thy memorie: and how can all theſe regiſters bee ſo cancelled, that

that ſo plainly ſeeing, thou ſhouldeſt not know the contents? For him onelie thou tyreſt thy feete, thou bẽdeſt thy knees, thou wringeſt thy handes. For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breſt ſigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thy eie weepeth, thy thought ſorroweth, thy whole bodie fainteth, and thy ſoule languiſheth. In ſum, there is no part in thee, but is buſie about him, and notwithſtanding all this, haſt thou nowe forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice aſſureth it, his wounds witneſſe it, thy own eies behold it, and doeſt thou not yet beleue that this is Ieſus? Are thy ſharpe ſeeing eies become ſo weak ſighted, that they are dazeled with the ſunne, and blinded with the light?

But there is ſuch a ſhowre of teares between thee and him, and

thy eyes are ſo dimmed with weeping for him, that thogh thou ſeeſt the ſhape of a man, yet thou canſt not diſcern him. Thy eares alſo are ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with the doleſull Eccho of his laſt ſpeeches, which want of breath, made him vtter in a dying voyce, that the force and loudneſſe of his louing wordes, maketh thee imagine it the voice of a ſtranger: and therefore as hee ſeemeth vnto thee ſo like a ſtranger, he asketh this queſtiō of thee, *O woman why weepeſt thou, whome ſeekeſt thou?*

O deſire of heart, and onely ioy of her ſoule, why demandeſt thou why ſhee weepeth, or for whō ſhe ſeeketh? But a while ſince ſhe ſawe thee hir onely hope hanging on a tree, with thy head ful of thornes, thy eyes full of teares, thy eares ful of blaſphemies, thy mouth full

of

of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured, and dooest thou aske hir why she weepeth? Scarse three daies passed, shu beheld thy armes and legs, racked with vyolent puls, thy handes and feet boared with nailes, thy side wounded with a speare, thy whole bodye torne with stripes and goared in bloud, and dooest thou hir onelie greefe aske hir why she weepeth? Shee beheld thee vpon the crosse with manie teares, and moste lamentable cries, yeelding vppe hir ghost, that is thy owne ghost, and alas askest thou why she weepeth? And now to make vp hir miserie, hauing but one hope aliue which was, that for a small reliefe of her other afflictions, shee might haue annointed thy bodie, that hope is also dead, since thy bodie is remoued, and shee now standeth hope-

lesse

leſſe of all helpe, and demandeſt thou why ſhee weepeth, and for whom ſhe ſeeketh? Full well thou knoweſt, that thee onlie ſhee deſireth, thee onelie ſhee loueth, all things beſides thee ſhee contemneth, and canſt thou finde in thy hart to aske hir whom ſhe ſeketh? To what end, O ſweet Lord, doeſt thou thus ſuſpend hir longinges, prolong hir deſires, and martyr hir with theſe tedious delaies? Thou onelie art the fortreſſe of hir faint faith, the anker of hir wauering hope, the verie center of her vehement loue: to thee ſhee truſteth, vpon thee ſhe relieth, and of her ſelfe ſhe wholie deſpaireth. Shee is ſo earneſt in ſeeking thee, that ſhee can neither ſeeke nor thinke anye other thing: and all hir wits are ſo buſied in muſing vpon thee, that they draw all attention from hir

hir ſenſes, wherewith they ſhould diſcerne thee. Beeing therefore ſo attentiue to that ſhee thinketh, what maruell though ſhee marke not whom ſhe ſeeth, and ſith thou haſte ſo perfecte notice of hir thought, and ſhe ſo little power to diſcouer thee by ſenſe, whye demandeſt thou for whom ſhee ſeeketh, or why ſhe weepeth? Dooeſt thou look that ſhe ſhould anſwer, for thee I ſeek, or for thee I weep? vnleſſe thou wilt vnbend hir thoughtes, that hir eies may fullie ſee thee, or while thou wilt be conceled, dooeſt thou expect that ſhee ſhould be able to know thee?

But O *Mary*, not without cauſe dooth he aske thee this queſtion. Thou wouldſt haue him aliue, and yet thou weepeſt bicauſe thou doeſt not find him dead. Thou art ſorie that he is not heere, and for this

this verie cauſe thou ſhouldeſt rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is moſt likelie he ſhould be here, but not beeing heere, it is a ſigne that he is aliue. He reioyſeth to be out of his graue, and thou weepeſt becauſe he is not in it. He will not lie anie where, and thou ſorroweſt for not knowing where he lieth. Alas why bewaileſt thou his glorie, as an iniurie: the reuiuing of his bodie as the robberie of his corſe? Hee beeing aliue, for what dead man moorneſt thou, and he being preſent, whoſe abſence doſt thou lament? *But ſhe taking him to be a Gardiner, ſaid vnto him, O Lorde if thou haſt carried him from hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away.*

O woonderfull effectes of *Maries* loue, if loue be a languor how liueth ſhe by it? If loue be hir life, how

how dieth she in it? If it bereaued hir of sense, howe did she see the Aungels? If it quickned hir sense, why knew she not Iesus? Dooest thou seeke for one, whome when thou hast found thou knowst not, or if thou doost know him when thou findest him, why doost thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold Iesus is come, and the partie whome thou seekest, is hee that talketh with thee. O *Mary* cal vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so longe, laboured so much, died with such paine, and shedde such showres of bloud to come to no higher preferment then to bee a Gardiner? And hast thou bestowd such cost, so muche sorrowe, and so manie teares, for no better man then a sillie Gardiner? Alas is this sorie Gardener the best inheritance, that thy

loue

loue can afford him, or a gardiners office the higheſt dignity thatthou wilt allowe him? It had byn better he had liued to byn lord of thy caſtle, then with his death ſo dearlie to haue boght ſo ſmall a purchaſe.

But thy miſtaking hath in it a farther myſterie. Thou thinkeſt not amiſſe though thy ſight be deceiued. For as our firſt father, in the ſtate of grace and innocencie, was placed in the garden of pleaſure, and the firſte office allotted him, was to be a Gardener: ſo the firſt man that euer was in glorie, appeareth firſt in a Garden, & preſenteth himſelfe in a Gardeners likenes, that the beginnings of glorie, might reſemble the entrance of innocency and grace. And as a Gardener was the foile of mankind, the parent of ſin, and author of death: ſo is this Gardener, the rai-

raiſer of our ruines, the ranſom of our offenſes, and the reſtorer of life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceiued, and taken captiue by the diuell. In a Garden Chriſt was betraied and taken priſoner by the Iewes. In a Garden *Adam* was cõdemned to earn his bred with the ſweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the laſt ſupper in a garden, Chriſt did earn it vs with a bloodie ſweat of his whole body. By diſobedient eating the fruite of a tree, our right to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited, and by the obedient death of Chriſt vpon a tree, a farre better right is nowe recouered. When *Adam* had ſinned in the garden of pleſure, he was there apparelled in dead beaſts skinnes, that his garment might betoken his graue, and his liuerye of Death agree

agree with his condemnation to die. And nowe to defraie the debt of that sinne, in this garden Christ lay clad in the dead mans shrowd, and buried in his Toombe, that as our harmes began so they might end, and such places and meanes as were the premises to our miserie, might be also the conclusions of our misfortune. For this did Christ in the canticles, inuite vs to a heauenlie banquet, after he was come into this gardeine, and had reaped his mirrh, and his spice, to forewarne vs of the ioy, that after this harvest should presentlie ensue, namelie when hauing sowed in this garden, a bodie, the mortalitie wherof was signified by those spices, hee nowe reaped the same, neither capeable of death, nor subiect to corruption. For this also was *Mary* permitted to my sake,

that

that we might be infourmed of the myſterie, and ſee how aptlie the courſe of our redemption did anſwere the proceſſe of our condemnation.

But though he be the gardiner that hath planted the tree of grace, and reſtored vs to the vſe and eating of the fruites of life. Though it be he that ſoweth his giftes in our ſoules, quickning in vs the ſeeds of vertue, & rooting out of vs the weedes of ſin: Yet is he neuertheleſſe the ſame Ieſus he was, and the borrowed preſence of a meane laborer, neither altreth his perſon, nor diminiſheth his right to his deuine titles.

Why then canſt thou not as well ſee what in trueth he is, as what in ſhew he ſeemeth, but

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becauſe thou ſeeſt more then thou didſt beleeue, and findeſt more then thy faith ſerued thee to ſeek: and for this though thy loue was worthy to ſee him, yet thy faith was vnworthy to know him. Thou didſt ſeek for him as dead, and therefore doeſt not know him, ſeeing him aliue, and becauſe thou beleeueſt not of him, as he is, thou doeſt only ſee him as he ſeemeth to be.

I cannot ſay thou art faultles, ſith thou art ſo lame in thy beliefe: but thy fault deſerueth fauour, becauſe thy charitie is ſo great, and therefore O mercifull Ieſu, giue mee leaue to excuſe whó thou art minded to forgiue.

Shee thought to haue found thee, as ſhee left thee, and ſhee ſought thee as ſhee did laſt ſee

thee, being so ouercom with sorrow for thy death, that shee had neither roome nor respite in her mind, for any hope of thy life, & being so deepely interred in the grief of thy burial, that she could not raise her thoughtes to anie conceit of thy resurrection.

For in the graue where *Ioseph* buried thy body, *Mary* together with it entombed her soule, and so straightly combined it with thy corse, that shee coulde with more ease sunder her soule from her owne body that liueth by it, then from thy dead bodie, with which her loue did burie it: for it is more thine and in thee, then hir own or in hir self: & therfore, in seeking thy bodie, she seeketh hir owne soule, as with the losse of the one, shee also lost the o-

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ther. What maruell then though ſence fail, when the ſoule is loſt, ſith the lanterne muſt needes be darke when the light is out?

Reſtore vnto her therfore her ſoule that lyeth impriſoned in thy body, and ſhee will ſoone, both recouer her ſenſe, and diſcouer her errour. For alas it is no error, that proceedeth of any wil to erre, and it riſeth as much of vehemency of affection, as of default in faith. Regard not the error of a woman but the loue of a Diſciple, which ſupplieth in it ſelfe what in faith it wanteth.

O Lord (ſaith ſhe) *If thou haſt carried him hence, tell me where thou haſt laid him, and I will take him away.*

O howe learned is her ignorance, and how skilful her error?

She

Shee charged not the Aungels with thy remouing, nor ſeemed to miſtruſt thé for carrying thee away, as though her loue had taught her that their helpe was needleſſe where the thing remoued was remouer of it ſelfe. She did not requeſt them to enform her wher thou wert laid, as if ſhe had reſerued that queſtion for thy ſelfe to anſwere. But now ſhe iudgeth thee ſo likely to be the author of her loſſe, that half ſuppoſing thee guiltie, ſhee ſueth a recouery, and deſireth thee to tell her where the bodie is, as almoſt fully perſwaded that thou art as priuie to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if ſhee bee not altogether right, ſhee is not very muche wrong, and ſhe erreth with ſuch

aime, that ſhee litle miſſeth the trueth. Tell her therfore O Lord what thou haſt done with thy ſelfe, ſith it is fitteſt for thy owne ſpeech to vtter, that which was onely poſſible for thy own power to performe.

But O *Mary* ſince thou art ſo deſirous to know wher thy Ieſus is, why doſt thou not name him, when thou askeſt for him? Thou ſaidſt to the Angelles that they had taken awaie thy Lord, and now the ſecõd time, thou askeſt for this him. Are thy thoughtes ſo viſible, as at thy onelie preſence to bee ſeene, or ſo generall, that they poſſeſſe all when they are once in the? when thou ſpeakeſt of him, what him doeſt thou meane, or howe can a ſtraunger vnderſtand thee when thou

thou talkeſt of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lordes but thine? or is the demãding by no other name but (him) a ſufficient notice for whõ thou demãdeſt?

But ſuch is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeſt that no other ſhould be intitled a Lord, ſith the whole world is too little for thy Lordes poſſeſſion, and that thoſe few creatures that are, can not chuſe but know him, ſith all the creatures of the world are to few to ſerue him. And as his worthies can appay all loues, and his onely loue content al heartes, ſo thou deemeſt him to be ſo well worthie to bee owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceite, can be well beſtowed vpon anie other.

Yet thy ſpeeches ſeeme more

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ſuddaine then ſound, and more peremptorie, then well pondered. Why doeſt thou ſay ſo reſolutely without anie further circumſtance, that if this gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If he had him by right in taking him awaie thou ſhouldſt do him wrong. If thou ſuppoſeſt he wrongfully tooke him, thou layeſt theft to his charge, & howſoeuer it be thou either condemneſt thy ſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, firſt to abaſe him from a God to a Gardiner, and now to degrad him from a Gardiner to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldſt alſo haue conſidered whether hee tooke him vppon loue or malice. If it were

for

for loue, thou maieſt aſſure thy ſelfe that he will bee as warie to keepe, as he was ventrous to get him, and therefore thy pollicye was weake in ſaieng, thou wouldeſt take him away, before thou kneweſt where he was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to bewray their treaſure to a known theef. If he took him of malice, thy offer to recouer him, is an open defiance, ſith malice is as obſtinate in defending, as violent in offring wrõg, and he that woulde bee cruell againſt thy maiſters dead bodye, is likelie to bee more furious againſt his liuing diſciple.

But thy loue had no leiſure to caſt ſo many doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenance.

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nance. Thy eies were rather pleders for pitie, then Herauldes of wrath, and thy whole perſonne preſented ſuch a patterne of thy extreame anguiſh; that no man from thy preſence could take in any other impreſſion. And therfore what thy wordes wanted, thy action ſupplied, and what his eare might miſtake, his eie dyd vnderſtand.

It may be alſo that he wrought in thy heart, that was concealed from thy ſight, and happylie his voice, & demeanor did import ſuch compaſſion of thy caſe, that he ſeemed as willing to affoord, as thou deſirous to haue his help. And ſo preſuming by his behauiour, that thy ſute ſhoulde not ſuffer repulſe, the tenour of thy requeſt dooth but argue thy hope

hope of a grant.

But what is the reaſon, that in al thy ſpeeches, which ſince the miſſe of thy maiſter, thou haſt vttered *(where they haue put him)* is alwaies apart? So thou ſaideſt to the Apoſtles, the ſame to the angels, and nowe thou dooeſt repeat it to this ſuppoſed gardiner: very ſweet muſt this word be in thy heart, that is ſo often in thy mouth, and it would neuer be ſo readie in thy toong, if it wer not verie freſh in thy memorie.

But what maruell thoughe it taſt ſo ſweet, that was firſt ſeaſoned in thy maſters mouth, which as it was the treaſurie of truthe, the fountaine of life, and the onlie quire of the moſt perfect harmonie, ſo whatſoeuer it delyuered, thy eare deuoured, & thy hart

hart locked vp. And nowe that thou wanteſt himſelfe, thou haſt no other comfort but his words, which thou deemeſt ſo muche the more effectuall to perſwade, in that they tooke theyr force from ſo heauenlie a ſpeaker. His ſweeteneſſe therefore it is, that maketh this word ſo ſweet & for loue of him thou repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe he in the like caſe ſaid of thy brother, *where haue you put him.* O how much dooeſt thou affect his perſon that findeſt ſo ſweete a feeling in his phraſe? How much deſireſt thou to ſee his countenance, that with ſo great deſire pronounceſt his wordes? And howe willinglie wouldeſt thou kiſſe his ſacred feet, that ſo willinglie vttereſt his ſhorteſt ſpeeches?

But

But what meaneſt thou to make ſo abſolute a promiſe, and ſo boldlie to ſaie *I will take him away*? *Ioſeph* was afraid, and durſt not take downe his bodie from the cros but by night, yea & thē alſo not without *Pilats* warrant. But thou neither ſtaieſt til night, nor regardeſt *Pilat*, but ſtoutlye promiſeſt, that thou thy ſelf wilt take him awaie. What if hee bee in the pallace of the high prieſt, and ſome ſuch maid as made S. *Peter* denie his maiſter, do begin to queſtion with thee, wilt thou then ſtand to theſe words, I will take him awaie? Is thy courage ſo high aboue kind, thy ſtrength ſo far beyond thy ſexe, and thy loue ſo much without meaſure, that thou neither remembreſt that all women are weake, nor

that

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that all women are weake, nor that thou thy ſelfe art but a woman? Thou exempteſt no place, thou preferreſt no perſon, thou ſpeakeſt without feare, thou promiſeſt without condition, thou makeſt no exception: as though nothinge were impoſſible that thy loue ſuggeſteth. But as the darkneſſe could not fright thee from ſetting foorth before day, nor the watche feare thee from comming to the Tomb: as thou diddeſt reſolue to breake open the ſeales, though with daunger of thy life, and to remoouc the ſtone from the graues mouthe, thogh thy force could not ſerue thee: ſo what maruel though thy loue being now more incenced with the freſh woūd of thy loſſe, it reſolue vpon anye, though neuer

uer ſo hard aduentures? Loue is not ruled with reaſon, but with loue. It neither regardeth what can be, nor what ſhall be doone, but onlie what it ſelfe deſireth to do. No difficultie can ſtay it, no impoſſibilitie appale it. Loue is title iuſte enough, and armour ſtrong enough for all aſſaultes, and it ſelfe a reward of al labors. It asketh no recompence, it reſpecteth no commodity. Loues fruytes are loues effectes, and the gaines the paines. It conſidereth behooſe, more then benefite, and what in dewtye it ſhoulde, not what in deede it can.

But how can nature be ſo maiſtered with affection, that thou canſt take ſuch delight and carry ſuch loue to a dead corſe? The

mother

ther how tenderlie ſocuer ſhe loued hir childe aliue, yet ſhe cannot chooſe but loath him dead. The moſt louing ſpouſe cannot endure the preſence of her deceaſed husband, and whoſe embracements were delightſom in life, are euer moſte hatefull after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principallie of women, that the very conceit, much mor the ſight of the departed, ſtriketh into them ſo fearefull and vglie impreſſions, and ſtirreth in them ſo great a horrour, that notwithſtanding the moſte vehement loue, they thinke long till the houſe be rid of their very deareſt friends, when they are once attyred in deathes vnlouelie lyueries. Howe then canſt thou indure to take vp his corſe in thy hands,

handes, and to carrie it thou knoweſt not thy ſelfe how farre, being eſpecially ſo torn & mangled, and conſequently the more likely in ſo long time to be tainted.

Thy ſiſter was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother ſhould be opened, and yet hee was ſhrowded in ſheetes, embalmed with ſpices, and died an ordinarie deathe, without anie wound, bruſe or other harme, that might haſten his corruption. But this corſe hath neither ſhroud nor ſpice, ſith theſe are al to be ſeene in the Toombe, and there is not a part in his bodie but had ſom help to further it to decay, and art not thou afraid to ſee hym, yea to touche him, yea to embrace and carrie him

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naked in thy armes?

If thou haddeſt remembred Gods promiſe, that *His holy one ſhould not ſee corruption*: If thou hadſt beleeued, that his Godhead remaining with his bodie, could haue preſerued it from periſhing, thy faith had been more worthy of praiſe, but thy loue les worthie of admiration, ſith the more corruptible thou diddeſt conceiue him, the more combers thou diddeſt determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldeſt haue thought thy ointments rather harmes then helpes, if thou hadſt bin ſetled in that beliefe, & for ſo heauenly a corſe embalmed with God, all earthly ſpices would haue ſeemed a diſgrace.

If

If likewiſe thou haddeſt firmely truſted vppon his reſurrection, I ſhould leſſe maruaile at thy conſtant deſignement; ſithe all hazards in taking him ſhould haue been with vſurie repaid, if lying in thy lappe, thou mighteſt haue ſeen him reuiued, & his disfigured and dead bodie beautified in thy arms with a diuine maieſty. If thou hadſt hoped ſo good Fortune to thy watery cies, that they might haue bin firſt cleared with the beams of his deſired light, or that his eies might haue bleſſed thee with the firſt fruites of their glorious looks: If thou hadſt imagined any likelihoode to haue made happy thy dying hart, with taking in the firſt gaſps of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the firſt words of his pleaſing voice:

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Finallie if thou hadſt thought to haue ſeen his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his miſerie to ornaments of glorie, and the depth of thy heauineſſe to ſuch a height of felicitie, whatſoeuer thou hadſt done to obtaine him, had beene but a mite for a million, and too ſlender a price for ſo ſoueraigne a peniworth.

But hauing no ſuch hopes to vphold thee, and ſo manie motiues to plunge thee in diſpaire, how could thy loue be ſo mightie, as neither to feele a womans feare of ſo deformed a corſe, nor to thinke the weight of the burthen too heauie for thy feeble armes, nor to be amated with a world of dangers that this attempt did carrie with it?

But affection cannot feare whom

whome it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendſhip be frighted from reſcuing ſo aſſied a friend.

What meaneſt thou then O comfort of her life, to leaue ſo conſtant a wel-willer ſo long vncomforted, and to puniſh her ſo muche, that ſo well deſerueth pardon? Dally no longer with ſo knowne a loue, which ſo manie trials auouch moſt true. And ſith ſhee is nothing but what it pleaſeth thee, let her taſte the benefite of being onely thine. She did not followe the tide of thy better Fortune, to ſhift ſaile whē the ſtreame did alter courſe. She began not to loue thee in thy life, to leaue thee after death: Neither was ſhee ſuch a gueſt at thy table, that meant to be a

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ſtranger in thy neceſſite. She left thee not in thy loweſt ebbe, ſhe reuolted not from thy laſt extremitie: In thy life ſhe ſerued thee with her goods: In thy death ſhe departed not from thy croſſe: after death ſhee came to dwell with thee at thy graue. Why then doeſt not thou ſay with *Noemi*: *Bleſſed be ſhe of our Lord, becauſe what courteſie ſhee afforded to the quicke, ſhe hath alſo continued towards the dead.* A thing ſo much the more to bee eſteemed, in that it is moſt rare.

Doe not ſweete Lord anie longer delaie her. Behold ſhee hathe attended thee theſe three daies, and ſhee hathe not what to eate, nor wherewith to foſter her famiſhed ſoule, vnleſſe thou by diſcouering thy ſelfe, doeſt

doeſt miniſter vnto her the bread of thy bodie, and feed hir with the food, that hath in it all taſte of ſweeteneſſe. If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faynt in the waie, refreſhe her with that whiche her hunger requireth. For ſurely ſhe cannot long enioy the life of her bodie, vnleſſe ſhee maie haue notice of thee, that art the life of her ſoule.

But feare not *Mary* for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mightie oratours, to let any ſuite fall, and though they pleaded at the moſt rigorous bar, yet haue they ſo perſwading a ſilence, and ſo conquering a complaynte, that by yeelding they ouercome and by intreating they commaund. They tie the tongues

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of all accuſers, and ſoften the rigour of the ſeuereſt Iudge. Yea they win the inuincible, & bind the omnipotent. When they ſeeme moſt pitifull, they haue greateſt power, and being moſt forſaken they are moſte victorious. Repentant eies are the Cellers of Angelles, and penitent tears their ſweeteſt wines, which the ſauor of life perfumeth, the taſte of grace ſweetneth, and the pureſt cullours of returning innocēcie highly beautifieth. This dew of deuotion neuer falleth, but the ſunne of iuſtice draweth it vp, and vpon what face ſoeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in Gods eie. For this water hath thy heart been long a limbecke, ſometimes diſtilling it out of the weedes of thy owne offences

with

with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of ſpirituall comforts, with the flames of contemplation, & now out of the bitter hearbes of thy maiſters miſeries, with the heat of a tender compaſſion. This water hath better graced thy lookes, then thy former alluring glances. It hath ſetled worthier beauties in thy face, then al thy artificiall paintings. Yea this onlie water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iuſtice, recouered his mercie, merited his loue, purchaſed his pardon, and brought foorth the ſpring of all thy fauors. Thy teares were the proctours for thy brothers life, the inuiters of thoſe Angels for thy comfort, and the ſuters that ſhall be rewarded with the firſte

ſight

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ſight of thy reuiued ſauiour. Rewarded they ſhall be, but not refrained: altered in their cauſe, but their courſe continued. Heauen would weepe at the loſſe of ſo pretious a water, and earth lament the abſence of ſo fruiteful ſhowers. No no, the Angelles muſt ſtil bathe themſelues in the pure ſtreams of thy eies, and thy face ſhal ſtill be ſet with this liquid pearle, that as out of thy tears, were ſtroken the firſt ſparks of thy Lords loue, ſo thy teares may be the oile, to nouriſh and feede his flame. Till death dam vp the ſpringes, they ſhall neuer ceaſe running: and then ſhall thy ſoule bee ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was firſt paſſed from ſin to grace, ſo in them it maye bee

wafted from grace to glorie. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidēce both of thy ſpeedie comfort, and thy Lords well being.

Ieſus ſaith vnto her, Maria, Shee turning, ſaid vnto him: Rabboni.

O louing maiſter, thou dideſt onlie deferre her conſolation, to increaſe it, that the delight of thy preſence, might be ſo much the more welcome, in that through thy long abſence it was with ſo little hope, ſo muche deſired. Thou wert content ſhe ſhoulde lay out for thee ſo manie ſighes, tears, & plaints, and diddeſt purpoſelie adiorne the date of her paimēt, to requite the length of theſe delaies with a larger loane of ioye. It may bee ſhe knewe not her former happineſſe, till ſhe

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ſhe was weaned from it: nor had a right eſtimat in valuing the treſures, with which thy preſence did enrich hir, vntill her extreme pouertie taught hir their vneſtimable rate. But now thou ſhewest by a ſweet experience, that though ſhe paied thee with the deareſt water of her eies, with her beſt breath, and tendereſt loue, yet ſmall was the price that ſhe beſtowed in reſpecte of the worth that ſhee receiued. Shee ſought thee dead, & impriſoned in a ſtony gayle: and nowe ſhee findeth thee both aliue & at full libertie. Shee ſought thee ſhrined in a ſhrowd, more like a leaper then thy ſelfe, left as the modell of the vttermoſt miſerie, and the onelie patterne of the bittereſt vnhappineſſe: And now ſhe fin-

findeth thee inuested in the robes of glory, the president of the highest, and both the owner and giuer of all felicitie.

And as all this while she hath sought without finding, wept without comforte, and called without answer: so nowe thou satisfiest her seeking with thy comming, her teares with thy triumphe, and all hir cries with this one word *Mary*. For when she hearde thee call her in thy woonted manner, and with thy vsuall voice, her onlie name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if she had beene wholie new made when she was onlie named. For whereas before the violence of her greefe hadde so benummed her, that her bodie seemed but

the

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the hearſe of her dead heart, and her heart the cophin of an vnliuing ſoule, and hir whole preſence but a repreſentatiou of a double funerall of thine, and of her owne: nowe with this one word her ſenſes are reſtored, hir mind lightened, her hart quickened, and hir ſoule reuiued.

But what maruell thogh with one word he raiſe the dead ſpirits of his poor diſciple, that with a word made the worlde, and euen in this very worde ſheweth an omnipotent power?

Marie ſhe was called as wel in hir bad as in hir reformed eſtate, and bothe her good and euill, was all of *Maries* working. And as *Marie* ſignifieth no leſſe what ſhe was, then what ſhee is: ſo is this one word by his vertue that

ſpea-

ſpeaketh it, a repetition of all hir miſeries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid ſo generall a diſcouerie of her ſelfe before her eies, that it awaked her moſt forgotten ſorrowes, and muſtered togither the whole multitude of hir ioies, and would haue left the iſſue of their mutinie verie doubtfull, but that the preſence and notice of hir higheſt happineſſe decyded the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victorie. For as he was hir onelie ſunne, whoſe going downe, left nothing but a dumpiſh nighte of fearefull fanſies, wherein no ſtarre of hope ſhyned, and the brighteſt plannets were chãged into diſmal ſignes: ſo the ſerenity of his coũtenãce,

and

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and authoritye of his worde, brought a calme and well tempered daie, that chasing away all darknesse, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the letargie, & brake the dead sleep of her astonied senses.

Shee therefore rauished with his voice, and impatient of delaies, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his firste and yet onlie worde, answered but one other calling him *Rabboni* that is Maister. And then sudden ioye rowsing all other passions, shee could no more proceede in her owne, then giue him leaue to go forward with his speech.

Loue woulde haue spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the wordes, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when

when hir inward conceites ſtri-
ued to come out, her voice trem
bled, her toong faltred, hir breth
failed. In fine teres iſſued in liew
of wordes, and deepe ſighes in
ſtead of long ſentences, the eye
ſupplieng the mouthes defaulte,
and the hart preſſing out the vn-
fillabled breath at once, whych
the conflicte of her diſagreeing
paſſions, would not ſuffer to bee
ſorted into the ſeuerall ſoundes
of intelligible ſpeeches.

For ſuche is their eſtate that
are ſicke with a ſurfet of ſudden
ioy, for the attaining of a thinge
vehemently deſired. For as de-
ſire is euer vſhered by hope, and
waited on by feare, ſo is it cre-
dulous in entertaining coniec-
tures, but hard in grounding a
firme beleefe. And though it be

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apt to admitte the leaſt ſha-dowe of wiſhed comforte, yet the hotter the deſire is to haue it, the more perfect aſſu-rance it requireth for it: which ſo longe as it wanteth the firſte newes or apparãce of that which is in requeſt, is rather an alarum to ſummon vp all paſſions, then a retrait to quiet the deſire. For as hope preſumeth the beſt, and inuiteth ioy to gratulat the good ſucceſſe: ſo fear ſuſpecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp ſorrowe to bewaile the vncer-taintie. And while theſe enter-change obiections and anſwers, ſometimes feare falleth into deſ-paire, and hope riſeth into repi-ning anger, & thus the skirmiſh ſtill continueth till euidence of proof conclude the cõtrouerſie.

Mary therfore though she suddenlie answered vpon notice of his voice, yet bicause the noueltie was so strange, his person so changed, his presence so vnexspected, & so many miracles laid at once before her amazed eies, she found a sedition in hir thoughtes, till more earnest vieweng him exempted thē frō all doubt.

And then thogh words would haue broken out, & her hart sent into his, the duties that she ought him, yet euery thoght striuing to bee first vttered, and to haue the first room in his gratious hering, she was forced as an indifferent arbitrer among them, to seale them vp al vnder silence by suppressing speech, & to supply the want of words, with more significant actiōs. And therfor rūning

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to the haunt of her cheefeſt delightes, and falling at his ſacred feete, ſhee offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to ſanctifie her lips with kiſſing his once greeuous, but now moſt glorious wounds.

Shee ſtaied not for any more words, being now made bleſſed with the worde himſelfe, thinking it a greater benefit, at once to feed all her wiſhes, in the homage, honour, and embracing of his feete, then in the often hearing of his leſſe comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onelie to bee vnited, but if it were poſſible wholelie transformed out of it ſelfe into the thing it loueth: So dooth it moſt affect that which moſt vniteth,

teth, & preferreth the leaſt coniunction before any diſtant contentment. And therefore to ſee him did not ſuffice her, to heare him did not quiet her, to ſpeake with him was not enough for her, and except ſhe might touch him, nothing coulde pleaſe her. But thogh ſhe humblie fel down at his feete to kiſſe them, yet Chriſt did forbidde her ſaieng. *Doo not touch mee for I am not yet aſcended to my father.*

O Ieſu what myſterie is in this? Beeing dead in ſinne ſhee touched thy mortall feete that were to die for her ſake, and being nowe aliue in grace, may ſhe not touch thy glorious feet, that are no leſſe for her benefite reuiued? Shee was once admytted to annoint thy head, and is ſhee

now vnworthy of acceſſe to thy feete? Dooeſt thou now commaund her from that for which thou wert woont to commend her, and by praiſing the deede diddeſt moue her often to do it? Sith other women ſhall touche thee, why hath ſhe a repulſe, yea ſith ſhe hir ſelfe ſhall touch thee hereafter, why is ſhe now reiected? what meaneſt thou O Lord by thus debarring her of ſo deſired a dutie, and ſith among all thy diſciples thou haſt vouchſafed hir with ſuch a prerogatiue, as to honour hir eies with thy firſt ſight, and hir eares with thy firſt wordes, whye denieſt thou the priuiledge of thy firſt imbraſing? If the multitude of hir tears haue won that fauor for hir eies, and hir longing to heare thee ſo great

great a recompence to hir cares, why dooſt thou not admitte her hands to touch, & hir mouth to kiſſe thy holy feete, ſithe the one with many plaints and the other with their readineſſe to all ſeruices, ſeem to haue earned no leſſe reward.

But notwithſtanding all this thou preuenteſt the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadſt ſaid.

O *Mary* know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall body, betweene the condition of a momentarie and of an eternall life. For ſith the immortalitie of the body, and the glory both of body and ſoule, are the endowments of an heauenly inhabitant, & the rights of another world, thinke not this fauour to

ſee me heere ordinarie, nor leaue to touch me a common thinge. It were not ſo great a woonder to ſee the ſtarres fall from their Spheres, and the Sunne forſake heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for me, that am not onlie a Citizen, but the ſoueraigne of ſaints, and the ſunne whoſe beames are the Angels bliſſe, to ſhewe my ſelfe viſible to the pilgrimes of thys worlde, and to diſplaie eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Thogh I be not yet aſcended to my father, I ſhall ſhortlie aſcend, and therfore meſure not thy demenor towards me by the place where I am, but by that which is due vnto me. And thē thou wilt rather with reuerence fall down a far off, thē with ſuch familiarity

pre-

preſume to touch mee. Doeſt thou not beleue my former promiſes? Haſt thou not a conſtant proofe by my preſent wordes? Are not thy eies and eares ſufficient teſtimonies, but that thou muſt alſo haue thy handes and face witneſſes of my preſence? Touch mee not O *Mary* for if I do deceiue thy ſight, or delude thy hearing, I can as eaſily beguile thy hand, and fruſtrate thy feeling. Or if I bee true in anie one, beleeue me in all, and embrace me firſt in a firm faith, and then thou ſhalt touch me with more worthie handes. It is now neceſſarie to weane thee from the comfort of my external preſence, that thou maieſt learne to lodge mee in the ſecretes of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to

ſupply

ſupply the offices of outward ſe-
ſes. For in this viſible ſhape I am
not heere long to be ſeen, being
ſhortly to aſcēd vnto my father:
but what thy eie then ſeeth not,
thy heart ſhall feel, and my ſilent
parlie will finde audience in thy
inward eare. Yet if thou feareſt
leaſt my aſcending ſhould be ſo
ſodaine, that if thou doeſt not
now take thy leaue of my feete,
with thy humble kiſſes & louing
teares, thou ſhalt neuer find the
like oportunitie againe, licence
from thee that needleſſe ſuſpiti-
on. I am not yet aſcended to my
Father, and for all ſuch dueties
there will be a more conuenient
tyme. But nowe goe about
that which requireth more haſt,
and runne to my bretheren and
enforme them what I ſay, that I
will

will go before them into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.

Mary therefore preferring her Lords wil, before her own wiſh, yet ſorrie that her will was worthie of no better euent, departeth from him like a hungrie infant puld from a full teat, or a thirſtie Hart chaſed from a ſweet fountaine. Shee iudged her ſelfe but an vnluckie meſſenger of moſt ioyfull tidinges, beeing baniſhed from her maiſters preſence, to carrie newes of his reſurrection. Alas (ſaith ſhee) and cannot others be happie without my vnhappineſſe, or cannot their gains come in, but through my loſſes? Muſt the dawning of their daie bee the euening of mine, and my ſoule robbed of ſuch a treaſure, to enriche their

ears?

eares? O my heart return thou to enioy him, why goeſt thou with me, that am enforced to go from him? In mee thou art but in priſon, and in him is thy onely paradiſe. I haue buried thee long inough in former ſorrowes, and yet nowe when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am conſtrained to carrie thee from the ſpring of life. Alas go ſeeke to better thy ſelfe in ſome more happie breſt, ſith I euill deſeruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a taſte of the higheſt delight, that the knowledge & want of it might drown me in the deepeſt miſerie.

Thus dutie leading, and loue withholding her, ſhee goeth as faſt backward in thought as forward in pace, readie eftſoones to faint

faint for griefe, but that a firme hope to ſee him againe did ſupport her weakeneſſe. Shee often turned towards the Toombe to breath, deeming the verie ayre that came from the place where he ſtood to haue taken vertue of his preſence, and to haue in it a refreſhing force aboue the courſe of nature. Sometimes ſhe forgetteth her ſelfe, and loue carrieth her in a golden diſtraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is preſent, and then ſhe ſeemeth to demand him queſtions, and to heare his anſweres: ſhee dreameth that his feet are in her folded armes, and that he giueth her ſoule a ful repaſt of his comfortes. But alas when ſhee commeth to her ſelfe, and findeth it but an illuſion, ſhe is ſo much the more

more ſorrie, in that the onelie imagination, being ſo delightful, ſhe was not worthy to enioy the thing it ſelfe. And when ſhe paſſeth by thoſe places where her maiſter had been: O ſtones (ſaith ſhe) how much more happie are you then I moſte wretched caitiffe, ſith to you was not denied the touch of thoſe bleſſed feete, whereof my euill deſertes haue now made me vnworthie? Alas what crime haue I of late committed that hath thus cancelled me out of his good conceit, and eſtranged from me his accuſtomed curteſie? Had I but a leaſe of his loue, for terme of his life, or did my intereſt in his feet expire with his deceaſe? In them with my teares I write my firſt ſupplication for mercie, whiche I

pointed

pointed with sighes, foulded vp in my hayre, and humblie sealed with the impression of my lips. They were the dores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was gratiouslie entertained in his heart, and admitted to do homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maiestie, an earthlie seate of a heauenlie wisedom, conteining in man a Gods felicitie.

But alas I must be contented to beare a lower saile, & to take down my desires to far meaner hopes, sith former fauors ar now too high marks for me to aim at.

O my eies, why are you so ambitious of heauenlie honors? He is nowe too bright a sunne for so weake a sight: your looks are limited

limited to meaner light, you are the eies of a bat, & not of an Eagle: you muſt hũble your ſelues to the twilight of inferior things, and meaſure your ſightes by your ſlender ſubſtance. Gaze not too much vppon the blaze of eternitie, leaſt you looſe your ſelues in too much ſelfe delight, and being too curious in ſifting his maieſtie, you be in the ende oppreſſed with his glory. No, no, ſith I am reiected from hys feete, howe can I otherwiſe preſume, but that my want of faith hath diſlodged mee out of his heart, and throwne me out of all poſſeſſion of his minde and memorie. Yet why ſhould I ſtoupe to ſo baſe a feare: when want of faith was agreeued with want of all goodneſſe, hee diſdained not

to

to accept me for one of his nũber: and ſhall I nowe thinke that he will for my faint beleefe ſo rigorouſly abandon me? And is the ſincerity of my loue, wherein hee hath no partner, of ſo ſlender accoũt, that it may not hope for ſome little ſpark of his woonted mercy? I will not wronge him with ſo vniuſt a ſuſpition, ſithe his appearing improueth it, his words ouerthrowe it, his countenance dooth diſſwade it: why then ſhould I ſuck ſo much ſorrowe out of ſo vaine a ſurmiſe.

Thus *Maries* trauelling phanſies, making longe voiages in this ſhort iorney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her viſion, and the greefe of her denial, entertained her in the way, and held hir parlie with ſuche diſcourſes, as are incident into minds, in which, neither hope is ful maiſter of the fielde, nor feare hath

receiued an vtter ouerthrow.

But as ſhe was in this perplexed manner, now falling, nowe riſing in her own vncertainties, ſhee findeth on the waie, the other holy women that firſt came with hir to the graue, whom the angels had now aſſured of Chriſtes reſurrection. And as they paſſed all forwardes towardes the Diſciples: *Behold Ieſus met them, ſaieng: All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feete, and adored him. Then Ieſus ſaid vnto them, feare not. Go tell my brethren, that they goe into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.*

O Lord howe profound are thy iudgmentes, and vnſearchable thy councels? dooth her ſorrowe ſit ſo neer thy hart, or thy repulſe reboūd with ſuch regret by ſeeing hir woūded loue bleede ſo faſte at her eyes, that thy late refuſall muſt ſo ſoone be requited with ſo free a grāt? Is it

thy

thy pitty, or hir change, which cannot allow that ſhe ſhould anye longer faſt from hir earneſt longing?

But O moſt milde phiſition, wel knoweſt thou that thy ſharp corroſie, with bitter ſmart angred hir tender wound, which beeing rather cauſed, by vnwitting ignorance thē wilfull error, was aſſoone cured as knowne. And therfore thou quicklie applieſt a ſweete lenitiue, to aſſwage hir paine, that ſhe might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherlie checke to her vnſetled faith, then an auſtere reiecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admitteſt her to kiſſe in thy feet, the two conduits of grace, and ſeales of our redemption, renewing her a charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed ſacrifice of hir ſanctified ſoule.

And thus gratious Lorde haſte

thou finiſhed hir feares, aſſured hir hopes, fulfilled hir deſires, ſatisfied hir loues, ſtinted hir teares, perfected hir ioyes, and made the period of hir expiring greefes, the preamble to hir now entring, and neuer ending pleaſures.

O how merciful a father thou art, to left Orphanes, how eaſie a iudge to repentant ſinners, and how faith full a friend to ſincere louers? It is vndoubtedly true, that thou neuer leaueſt thoſe that loue thee, & thou loueſt ſuche as reſt their affiance in thee. They ſhall find thee liberall aboue deſert, and bountifull beyond hope: a meaſurer of thy gifts, not by their merits, but by thy own mercy.

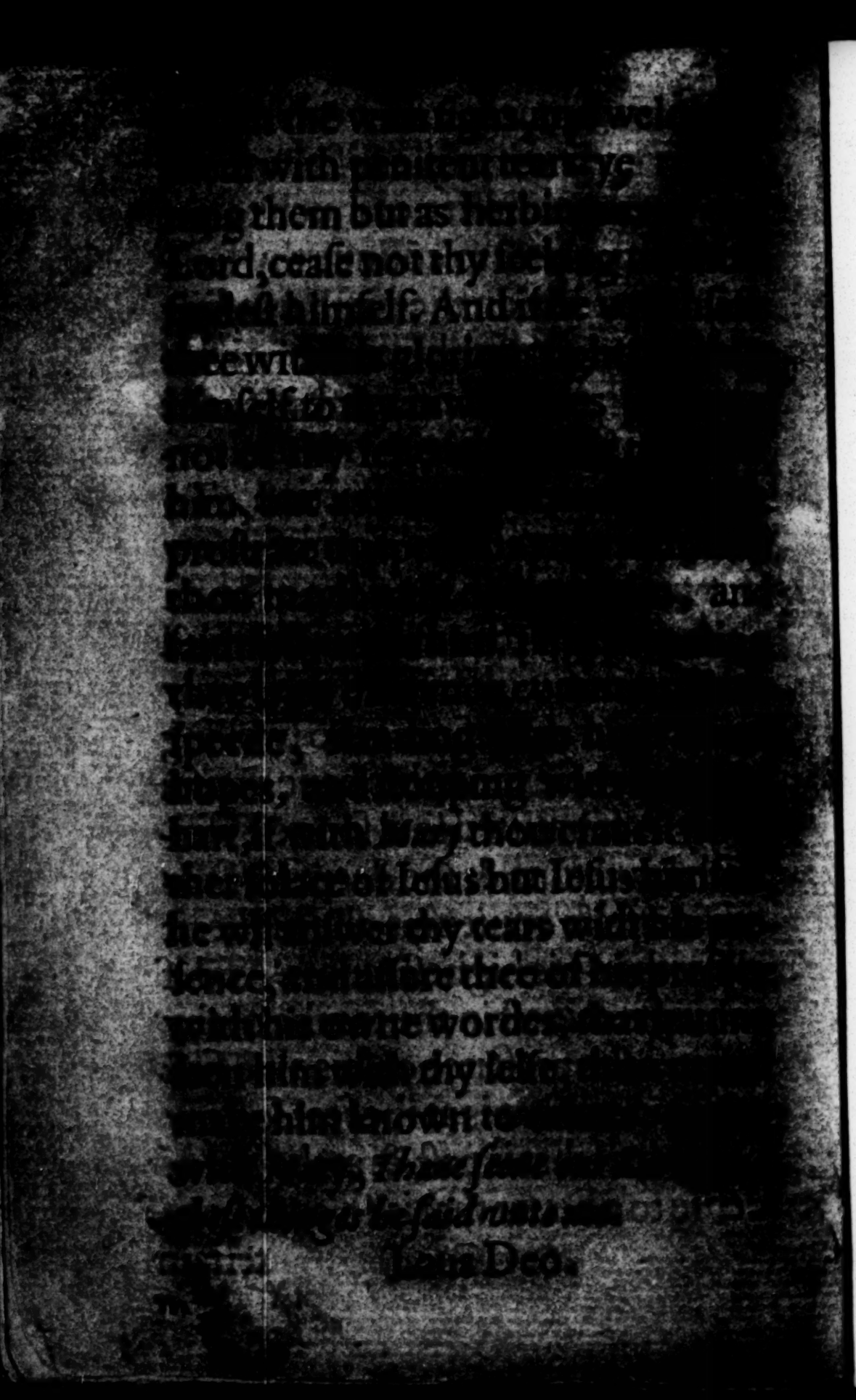
O chriſtian ſoule take *Mary* for thy mirrour, followe her affection that like effectes may follow thine. Learne O ſinfull man of this once a ſinfull woman, that ſinners maie finde

finde Christ, if their sins be amended. Learne that whom sin looseth, loue recouereth, whom faintnesse of faith chaseth awaie, firmnesse of hope recalleth, and that which no other mortall force, fauor or policie can compasse, the continued teares of a cõstant loue, are able to obtain. Learn of *Mary* for Christ to fear no encounters, out of Christ to desire no comforts, and with the loue of Christ to ouer-rule the loue of all thinges. Rise earlie in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleepe in sloth, when diligence may performe them. Run with repentance to thy sinfull heart which should haue been the temple, but through thy fault, was no better thẽ a Toomb for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to feele him, he seemed vnto thee as if hee had been dead. Roule awaie the stone of thy former
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mer hardneſſe, remoue al the heauy loads that oppres thee in ſin, & look into thy ſoule, whether thou canſt there finde thy Lord. If hee be not within thee, ſtand weeping without, & ſeek him in other creatures, ſith being preſent in all, he maie be found in any. Let faith be thy eie, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seek him, and not his: for himſelf, & not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope ſeeke to ſee him. If hope haue left thee to ſee him, let loue ſeek further into him. To moue in thee a deſire to find, his goods are pretious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a deſire to ſeek, his treſures are infinit. Abſent hee muſt be ſought to be had, being had, hee muſt be ſought to be more enioyed. Seeke him truly, and no other for him. Seek him purely, & no other thing with him.

Seeke

Seeke him onely and nothing beſide him and if at the firſt ſearch he appear not, think it not much to perſeuer in tears, & to cõtinue thy ſeeking. Stand upon the earth treading vnder thee al earthly vanities & touching them, with no more then the ſoals of thy feet, that is with the loweſt & leaſt part of thy affection. To look the better in the Tombe, bow down thy neck to the yoke of humilitie, and ſtoup from loftie & proud cõceits: that with hũbled and lowly looks thou maiſt find, whõ ſwelling and haughtie thoughts haue drawn away. A ſubmitted ſoul ſooneſt winneth his return, & the deeper it ſinketh in a ſelfe contempt, the higher it climeth in his higheſt fauors. And if thou perceiueſt in the tombe of thy heart, the preſence of his two firſt meſſengers, that is at the feet ſorrow of the bad that is paſt, & at the head, deſire to a better that is to come: entertain



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Southwell, R.